

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Chinese Embassy.

THE possible difficulties in the way of the reception of Mr. Burlingame as Minister from China, on the ground of his being a citizen of the United States, have been set aside by his public reception in that capacity by the President and Secretary of State. Great Britain, we believe, has steadily refused to accept any of her own subjects in a diplomatic capacity from any other country, and the late Mr. Everett, when Secretary of State, advised an ex-representative of the United States not to present his credentials as Minister from certain American Republics, as it would be contrary to public usage to receive him. Mr. Seward has done well to ignore such folly, and reverse

such policy. If an American citizen gains sufficiently the confidence of any foreign government to induce it to send him here, it seems to be the height of fatuity to refuse to receive him in his accredited capacity. His preoccupations, if he had any, would certainly be in our favor, and this fact would be the poorest of all reasons for excluding him, on our part, however much it might be a subject of complaint for other nations.

Mr. Burlingame has indicated in general terms the objects of the present Embassy, although we cannot as yet make out anything specific as to its purposes. He tells us that China, within the last three years, "has accepted the laws of nations," which means, we presume, that she has determined to abandon

her policy of isolation and exclusiveness, and enter on equal terms into the family of nations, bringing to the union her antiquity, her traditions, her learning, her science, and her arts, as equivalents for the attainments, the discoveries, and achievements, industrial and otherwise, of her younger colleagues. Few of us know how much this implies.

It is the formal acceptance of modern civilization, with all its responsibilities, by one-fourth of the human race. It is the clasping of hands between the Occident and the Orient, effected through the intermediation of the United States, which henceforth is to be the next friend and adviser of numerically the greatest nation on the planet.

When we consider the antiquity of China,

the stability as well as extent of her government, and the powerful character of her civilization, which differs more in form than in essence from our own, we are sometimes led to think that she alone possesses the true elements of national prosperity and permanence—which, joined with our strength of intellect and the moral elements of our social life, shall produce a new and world-wide organization of society and government, under which the wise and the virtuous shall alone be rulers, and mankind reach its highest point of perfection.

Aside, however, from these reveries, China must command hereafter a deeper and more general interest in what we call the civilized world. A people among whom inventions that are esteemed the pride of modern Europe—the



THE CHINESE AMBASSADORS WITNESSING THE REPRESENTATION OF FRA DIAVOLO, BY THE HICHINGS OPERA TROUPE, AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 5TH, 1868.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 231.

compass, gunpowder, printing—were known and practiced centuries before their alleged discovery in the West; who probably amount to four hundred millions of souls; who in every province have towns that rival the greatest capitals in our part of the world; who have not only covered every spot of earth with inhabitants, but have streets and cities on the water—such a people must indeed occupy a conspicuous place in the brotherhood of nations, into which they now make a formal entry, under the introduction of our own republic. Apart from all the material advantages that may accrue from new and more intimate relations, the study of Chinese history, institutions and character, cannot fail to throw an important light on the growth and arrangement of the social system, and receive the attention of the statesman, philosopher, student and Christian philanthropist.

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337 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Chase Movement.

POLITICIANS are astounded at the suddenness and rapidity with which the name of Mr. Chase has come before the country as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. Six weeks ago he was the first choice of a great part of the Republican party for that position, and the second choice of the entire party. Today he is the choice of a large part of the opposing party, and may be the nominee of what Mr. Van Buren used to call "the lion-hearted Democracy"—probably for the reason that it so often made an ass of itself.

There must be confidence and faith in the man who makes so wide and earnest an appeal to the hearts and instincts of the people of all parties, and whether the Democracy have the sense to nominate him or not, the signs all point to him as pre-eminently the man of the future. His strength, already developed, and growing every day, shows that there is a rational, conservative element in the Democratic party, which is indisposed to submit to the wild Radicalism of Pendletonians, Vallandighams, and "Brick Pomeroy's"—those men who would stake the national honor and the sentiment of Humanity of the age on the political chessboard, and sacrifice both to reach the pelf and plunder of power! It shows that, even if those wild, impracticable and wicked men do force their obnoxious representatives on the party that claims to be the party of progress, there will yet be a great restraining power in their own ranks, and that the tempting apples of the Hesperides will turn to ashes on their lips.

Mr. Pendleton and his followers may as well understand first as last, that, while the Northwest is strong and useful in the pork and grain line, there are other interests in this broad country which are quite as important and quite as thoroughly determined to be heard, and, if need be, felt. There is also patriotism, and some other influences that actuate men, besides common sense, which has weight when called into exercise. Also prudence, which does not commend the policy of fighting a losing battle.

It may appear wise for the Democracy to nominate a man who would array at the outset against him the whole monetary interests of the land; who is identified with the rottenest of dead issues; who would reverse the laws of gravitation, or, in other words, ask negroes to vote away their right of suffrage; but we, who have supported Grant and Chase in their respective, and equally earnest and important, efforts to maintain the Union, will have nothing to do with such a candidate. By so, it is to be understood, as we said last week, a large and potential class, who desire nothing so much as that the two best men in the country shall lead the respective political hosts, so that the beaten party shall have a calm satisfaction in witnessing the joy of the victor!

Let the Democratic Radicals, who already show a disposition to rule or ruin, take heed! The party opposed to them has a great leader, whose patriotism and integrity no man can question, and in whose hands they themselves believe the destinies of the country would be secure. Let them give us another name equally good, as they can do, and have yet time to do, and in the grave of the dead past bury their obsolete issues, their radical follies, and their so-called leaders, who have brought to their standard only the prestige of defeat and disgrace.

Woolley and Butler.

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear it that the opponent may beware of thee."

On the announcement of the first vote of the Senate on Impeachment, though disappointed and disgusted, we were of those who cried "Hold! Enough!" and were not a little sur-

prised that further proceedings were had thereon, well believing that no different conclusion would be arrived at. But when we learned that Butler and his Committee of Investigation had determined to prove that Senators had been corrupted, we not only said he would fail in that, but got very much laughed at before he got through with it. Now that it is all over, is it not incredible that an old criminal lawyer, as Butler is, should have ever deemed it possible to catch rogues clever enough to be entrusted by the "whisky ring," and other thieves, kept in office by a President knowing their crimes? We can well understand the chagrin of Butler and the Managers at the abortive conclusion of their labors and the non-fulfillment of the "apple blossom" prophecies, and so on, by means base and despicable, as they believed; but why should they unnecessarily incur another defeat, which, considering their antagonists, was inevitable? The reckless and seemingly audacious employment of the telegraph by the corruptionists should have been to the Managers indicative of resources and subterfuges that could successfully defy all the cunning of honest men; and the device that was finally resorted to, to effect the release of their leader, was always open to the rogues, and was publicly discussed before it was employed! We doubt if the history of Parliamentary committees can show any thing so funny as Woolley's last and eminently satisfactory explanation of the whole matter, which happily clears not only the contumacious witness, but vindicates handsomely all the suspected Senators.

It appears, in a word, that all the moneys raised from Federal officers in various places, and paid to Woolley, were not to be used in the impeachment business at all, but for lobbying a Bill through Congress, which would be of vast benefit to the American tax-payers; and the money not having been used in that way, because the Bill was prematurely disposed of, and Woolley being a warm friend of Mr. Johnson, and rejoicing in his triumph over his enemies in the Senate, and having in his pocket \$17,000, which had been got pretty easily, quite naturally felt like celebrating and doing the liberal thing, and so invited Shook, Van Valkenburgh, and other kindred spirits, to a feast.

What more proper and what more excusable, that, like eminent men of all times on such occasions, in their hilarity and felicitations, prudence and discretion were drowned in bumper of rosy wine, and that in his fullness of joy, Woolley, all forgetting the legitimate uses to which the \$17,000 had been dedicated, puts it on the table, and in the most charmingly careless manner bets it all on the next Presidential election! *N'importe* about candidates; Woolley is too catholic a fellow to have any favorites. And his convivial friends, like honest men, would not take advantage of their inebriated friend's situation; and the money lay there until the faithful Van Valkenburgh, fearful that rogues and thieves might find it, carries it off, and by the advice of the hotel clerk, puts it in the safe, awaiting Woolley's sober demand! There is a friend, which one might well buckle to with links of steel! And lest Woolley might be tempted to waste the money in paying lawyers or bribing Butler, Van Valkenburgh lets his unlucky friend be arrested for contempt, and placed in durance vile, confidently believing that truth and justice will soon effect his release, without the exposure of his oblivious intoxication to the public. But the enemy is relentless; Butler will not be satisfied with any one of the four full and beautifully inconsistent accounts, which Woolley had most unwillingly furnished, of the disposition of his private property. An outrage on the rights of the American citizen! and there is no help for it. If Woolley is to attend the Democratic Convention on the Fourth of July, character for moderation in his cups must be sacrificed for liberty and service of the Democracy; and so Van Valkenburgh makes a clean breast of it, and the hotel clerk, in confirmation, comes forward and tells how the money, the \$17,000, is still safe in the safe at the Metropolitan Hotel! What a triumph of facts over suspicion, of innocence over the machinations of evil enemies! What matter is it that Mr. Shook says nothing about all this, though confessedly present? or if Mr. Thurlow Weed's testimony is exactly the contrary to and utterly irreconcilable with Achaes Van Valkenburgh's lucid explanation? or if the many telegrams on their face read very differently? Here we have, at last, a solution, which must be entirely satisfactory to everybody! Who can doubt its truth—except greenhorns? And all so natural and probable! Is it not singular that Butler did not, when he heard of Woolley, at once reflect that Democratic politicians at Washington always carry \$20,000 loose in their pocket, which, in convivial moments, they throw about carelessly, but being always in the society of tried friends, it is always safe!

And having been all this time on the wrong scent, the real rogues, of course, have got off, and the dauntless Butler must add another to the long list of defeats which have followed his later fortunes. *Vive la vérité!*

The March of Prohibition.

THE sphere of Prohibitory effort is still widening. The failure of the movement to regulate, or rather, to destroy, individual liberty by arbitrary legislation in the matter of alcoholic drinks, has apparently only stimulated its apostles to new points of attack, and a so-called religious crusade is now begun against the use of tobacco. The Methodist General Conference referred to a special committee a resolution proposing to prohibit the admission of any man as a minister of that Church who uses tobacco in any form. We are not yet informed with what result.

This is a grave mistake, and by no means a righteous, or even an effectual method, of preventing the evil complained of.

Public discussion, popular or scientific, warning and counsel, are all legitimate means of correcting, or striving to correct, public vices or injurious habits, such as those referred to; but arbitrary legislation, religious or social ostracism, are nothing more or less than fanaticism and tyranny. To debar an able, eloquent, conscientious man from preaching the Gospel because he smoked an occasional cigar, or indulged in a chew of tobacco now and then, is a folly as well as an absurdity. Nor can a Church stop here in its prohibitory exclusion. It must, if it would be consistent, proceed to debar all those who indulge in gluttony, who are given too much to the delights of good eating, who lie abed too long, who are over-covetous of mammon, who, in fine, have any of the many weaknesses which make up the sum of human imperfection. And if any Church did so narrow its code of eligibility to the ministry, how many pulpits in the land would be filled, think you? But Prohibition, like other bigotries, knows no moderation. Because it is virtuous, it resolves that there shall be no more cakes or ale.

Hudibras well, though coarsely, paints the general type of these worthy reformers, in the couplet which describes them as—

"Compounding for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

Matters and Things.

THE accounts received of the volcanic eruption in the Sandwich Islands, chiefly in the principal island, Hawaii, in the first fortnight in April, show it to have been one of the most tremendous eruptions on record. The crater broke out in the great mountain of Hawaii, Mauna Loa, which is near 14,000 feet high, and from this a stream of lava several miles long flowed to the sea at the rate of ten miles an hour, passing out from shore in a moving causeway of a mile broad, and uniting the shore with a little volcanic island thrown up suddenly from the sea to the height of 400 feet at two or three miles' distance. This was on April 2d. It had been preceded by a shock of earthquake so tremendous that men and all loose bodies on the ground were tossed about like india-rubber balls. Then the mountain opened, and threw out a great shower of red earth, which covered the plain for three miles in three minutes. Then a tidal wave 60 feet high rushed in upon the land over the tops of the cocoa-nut trees, and destroyed everything within a quarter of a mile of the shore. Finally, the slope and part of the summit of a hill 1,500 feet high was torn off and pitched by the eruptive force sheer over the tops of the trees to a distance of 1,000 feet. Jets of lava rose to the height of 1,000 feet, and illumined the sea for fifty miles round. This flinging about of hill-tops, red earth, lava, and sea-water, might well have seemed to the poor Sandwich Islanders a game of cruel romps by invisible Titans, pelting each other without reference to the convenience of the human insects who call themselves the inhabitants of the island.—The Mikado, or religious Emperor, appears to be once more the actual ruler of Japan, and his government is decidedly favorable to foreigners. The fullest reparation was offered to the British for a recent attack on Sir H. Parkes and the Legation, and twenty Japanese were condemned to death for firing on some French sailors. The French Minister only required the execution of eleven, and is condemned in England for cruelty in sanctioning even that. The accusation is most unjust. The murderers, without the smallest provocation, wantonly fired on the sailors while bathing, and killed eleven of them, and M. de Roche took only life for life. The Mikado, it appears, is determined to stop these outrages, and has issued a decree declaring attacks on foreigners infamous, and those guilty of them common felons, liable to death without the privilege of suicide, which, it must be remembered, prevents forfeiture of property. It is believed that this decree will be religiously obeyed.—The war between Brazil and Paraguay appears by the latest accounts to have only just begun. So far from Lopez having been defeated, he has carried away his army in perfect safety, and has encamped it in a new fortified position. Curupaity was found to have been evacuated months before, the guns being mere shams. The river has fallen so low that the Brazilian ironclads which ascended it to Assumption cannot return, the Riverine States are becoming discontented, and altogether the Brazilian War Office looks on the prospect with dismay.—M. Fayonet, writing in a Paris journal, gives the following anecdote of Lord Brougham: "Speaking one night in the House of Lords, he experienced some interruption from a conversation that was carried on during his speech by the Dukes of Cumberland and Wellington. Taking occasion in the course of his argument to explain the word 'Illustrious,' he said that we sometimes use that word conventionally, and sometimes literally. 'For instance, we apply it

by courtesy to the royal duke who is talking so loudly, and who has done nothing whatever to deserve it, while we apply it in its primary and real signification to the illustrious duke whom his royal highness is addressing.'"—The London *Saturday Review* says, speaking of poetesses: "Three women, and three only, endowed with a true poetical faculty, have lived in England during this century. They are—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Brontë. Many women, it is true, have written elegant and pleasing verses; and two of these, Mrs. Hemans and Miss Ingelow, would, if the circulation of their works were taken as the exclusive test of merit, be ranked above those three to whom alone a critic can allow genuine poetic excellence."—The Church of Rome has had a severe blow in Sicily. The islanders are very superstitious, and it was supposed that they would decline to bid for the confiscated Church property. On the contrary, they buy it most readily, opening their hoards, and giving often double the upset price. It was the same in Spain and Mexico, among a still more bigoted people, the land-hunger proving stronger than the fear of the priests. The land is sold in very small parcels, an excellent arrangement, as it greatly increases the number of those whose interest it is to keep the priesthood down.—"God bless my country!" were the latest audible words of Ex-President Buchanan, and they were several times repeated.—Robert Batchelder, of Salisbury, New Hampshire, has a flock of twenty-eight sheep, which during the winter were housed in a place where their wool became filled with hay seed. They have been out to pasture for several weeks past, and the excessive wet weather has caused the seed to sprout, and they are now bearing about with them a crop of grass two inches in length.—The *Mobile Tribune* boasts of having created such a public sentiment against Radicals, that no man, declaring himself to be one, can "carry on business there or associate with gentlemen." How long will it take, by such labors, to restore a permanent peace and good feeling between the North and South?—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that Gen. Grant is unquestionably a tyrant, and in proof of this, quotes the statement from Mr. Pollard, that in 1866 Gen. Grant said to him that, if he had the authority, he would suppress half a dozen of the leading Copperhead newspapers of the country. Yes—but if he had been a "tyrant," he would have done it without authority.

THERE is a sort of Pharisaism run rampant in this, and perhaps in other countries, which passes current among a large class of highly respectable and God-fearing people as genuine piety, but which is very far from being, in our opinion, the real article. Of such was born the recent Tyng-Stubbs controversy; of such came the Colenso war; of such was and is begot the political pulpitations of the land. Of such also is that spirit which prompts ecclesiastical bodies to drag into all secular questions, and intercalate in all secular documents, the name and attributes of the Creator, and cavil at all such questions and documents which do not go out of their course to make a patent allusion to God, after the medieval fashion. And of such, finally, is the ever-recurring protests, from one or another sectarian denomination, in this country, against the mission to recognize, in specific words, the existence of a Supreme Being in the Constitution of the United States. One—the latest of these—has been presented by a Presbyterian Synod to the Methodist Conference lately sitting at Chicago. Now it is not really worth while to argue seriously upon this foolish fanaticism. It belongs to the same class of bigotry which, in the middle ages, committed murder at the stake, in the combat, or on the rack, in the name of God; which, in the Mohammedan East, causes the wayfarers to interlard their common salutation with adjurations to Allah and the Prophet, and even mingle those names in the cries of the hawkers, who go about yelling, "By the blessing of Allah, fresh watermelons!" "Glory to God, ripe dates!" "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" All this is the merest quackery—the travesty of true religion.

THE London *Spectator*, of the 23d ult., more than admits all that we said last week about the utter lack of fight on the part of the Abyssinians against the British. It says:

"Up to the last moment a thousand resolute men might have defeated the expedition."

And the *Saturday Review* puts the so-called victory precisely where it belongs:

"The Abyssinians, not understanding their danger, came on cheerfully and boldly, and with no apprehension lest an enemy so easily outnumbered should be able to win a victory by the superiority of his firearms. They were quickly undeceived. They found themselves in the midst of rockets and mountain-guns and snipers, and, for all they could do against such weapons, they might as well have had no better arms themselves than bows and arrows."

Now let them try their Abyssinian veterans on the "Mexican Indians," and see what they will come to!

TWO LETTERS, one from Mr. Chase and the other from General Grant, have found their way into print. In these both the Chief Justice and the General declare that they have no desire for the Presidency. General Grant's letter, however, is dated as far back as 1864, from Nashville. In it he says:

"Allow me to say that I am not a politician, never was, and hope never to be, and could not write a political letter. My only desire is to serve the country in the present trials. To do this efficiently, it is necessary to have the confidence of the Army and the people. I know no way to better secure this than by a faithful performance of my duties. So long as I hold my present position, I do not believe that I have the right to criticise the policy or orders of those above me, or to give utterance to views of my own, except to the authorities at Washington, through the General-in-Chief of the army. In this respect, I know I have proven myself a good soldier."

"In your letter you say that I have it in my power to be the next President. This is the last thing in the

world I desire. I would regard such a consummation as being highly unfortunate for myself, if not for the country. Through Providence I have attained to more than I ever hoped, and with the position I now hold in the regular army, if allowed to retain it, will be more than satisfied. I certainly shall never shape a sentiment, or the expression of a thought, with a view of being a candidate for office. I scarcely know the inducement that could be held out to me to accept office, and unhesitatingly say that I infinitely prefer my present position to that of any civil office within the gift of the people."

Mr. Chase's letter is of the date of 23d of May last:

"You are right in believing that I shall never abandon the great principles, for the success of which I have given my entire life. I adhere to my 'old creed of equal rights,' without one jot or tittle of abatement. I shall be glad if the new professors of that creed adhere to it as faithfully."

"What the developments of the future may be I know not. I neither expect nor desire to be a candidate for office again. It would, however, gratify me exceedingly if the Democratic party would take ground which would secure the party against all attempts to subvert the principle of universal suffrage established in eight, and to be established in all of the Southern States. Then, I think, the future of the great cause—for which I have labored so long—would be secure, and I should not regret my absence from political labors."

Yet, spite those asseverations, General Grant is already a candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. Chase soon may be.

"And the devil did grin,
For his darling sin
Is pride that aches humility."

THERE is a strong disposition among men of all parties to avoid, in the coming Presidential contest, the use of that poorest of all weapons of partisan warfare, personal detraction and abuse. Mr. Vallandigham leads off in palpable rebuke of the *World* of this city. He says:

"We are no admirer of Gen. Grant as a military genius. But about the weakest and most foolish thing the Democratic orators could do would be to depreciate his capacity, or assail him for incompetency, unless in defense of other generals, whose laurels his friends may seek to steal away."

And even Capt. Rynders, in organizing the Empire Club, had adopted a resolution declaring "that we deprecate the practice of assailing the reputation of candidates as unwarrantable, impolitic, and calculated to prejudice the interest and success of the Democratic party in the ensuing political contest."

The London *Spectator* is quite right in saying, that if any non-judicial reasons actuated the famous "seven" Senators in voting against the conviction of the President, in the late impeachment trial, dislike and distrust of Mr. Wade was among them. Mr. Wade is only another Johnson, with more education, no more sense, and born outside the Slave States. That is all!

"THE Loyal Conservative Democratic Soldiers" are to hold a Convention in this city, coincident with the meeting of the Democratic Nominating Convention. A contemporary informs us that "their hope is that they will be enabled to act in harmony with the regular Convention of the party. But they have decided that in no event can they support a 'Copperhead candidate' like Pendleton, who during the war was hostile to the cause for which they so zealously fought and suffered. They protest in advance against any such nomination, and if it should be foisted upon them, then they will cry out: 'To your tents, O Israel!' They disclaim being the personal adherents either of Judge Chase, Gen. Hancock, or any other man. They only insist that the candidate shall be a sound man, standing upon a sound platform, for whom they shall have nothing to apologize when recommending him to their soldier constituents."

We quote the following significant paragraph from the New York *World*:

"There is every reason to expect that the Southern negroes will vote in the Presidential election; and if we permit all those States to be carried by the Republicans, we may as well hang our harps on the willows. It concerns us to gain a portion of the negro vote, and it would be suicidal to put into the platform any declaration which the Radical stump orators could use to turn the negro vote against us."

"What a head!"

SILK AND SILK MANUFACTURES—THE REPORT OF ELLIOT C. COWDIN, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.—Elliot C. Cowdin, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1867, and member of the "Committee on raw materials and manufactures of great use, or displaying remarkable skill or merit," has submitted a Report to the State Department, on Silk and Silk Manufactures, a subject to which he had been specially assigned, and which he has treated with remarkable fidelity and intelligence. The report has evidently been prepared with industrious research and elaborate investigation, and will prove a valuable addition to the industrial records of the United States. It embraces in a condensed form all the important statistics in regard to that most beautiful and most precious of textile substances, and is at the same time instructive and interesting. Of course, the object of this Report, and of the researches upon which it is based, is the encouragement of the culture of the silkworm and the manufacture of silk in this country. With our vast resources, of extensive territory, variety of soil and climate, and of intelligent labor, there is no necessity that we should quietly surrender to other nations a monopoly in the production of an article that enters so largely into the commerce of the world. So long ago as during the early colonization of Virginia, the cultivation of the mulberry tree and the breeding of silkworms were commenced in that colony, and the enterprise was so far advanced in 1651, that the coronation robe of Charles II. was woven of American fabric. But tobacco was a rival too powerful to contend against, and at the close of the century the business had entirely disappeared.

At a later period, efforts were made to introduce silk husbandry into all the American colonies. In 1735 a beautiful robe was made in England, of Georgia silk, which Queen Caroline wore on a State occasion. In 1749, the export of Cocoons reached 1,000 lbs., and their product commanded the highest prices. A large silk establishment was soon erected in Savannah. The Cocoons, annually delivered to it in the years 1758 to 1766 inclusive, ranged from 10,000 to 15,000 lbs. and in the latter year they reached 30,000 lbs.

But the war of the Revolution blighted this early

promise, and after the peace the planters of Georgia turned their attention to the growing of cotton. Silk husbandry and manufacturing had almost ceased to exist in the United States at the commencement of this century. Since then they have not kept pace with the advance in kindred pursuits; nevertheless, they have always been prosecuted to an encouraging extent in various parts of New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Since 1860, the business, in all its departments, has made steady progress; and, with the reflection that our country is specially fitted for silk culture, and that the soil and climate of California afford magnificent inducements to enterprise in that direction, we may aspire in good time to high rank, if not the highest, among silk-producing nations.

Mr. Cowdin's Report will assist materially in bringing about this result. It conveys to our people the lessons of the experience and knowledge of other lands, and it is to be hoped that Congress will take measures to circulate a work so valuable to the industrial interests of the Republic.

THE re-opening of the Astor House, in this city, after its temporary closure, for purposes of repairing, refurnishing, and general renovation, was made the occasion, on Thursday evening, June 11th, of a dinner, to which the representatives of the metropolitan press were invited. The banquet was worthy the reputation of the Messrs. Stetson, who have no superiors in the difficult art of keeping a hotel, and whose good taste and liberality in catering to the appetites of their guests were exhibited upon this, as upon many other similar prandial ceremonies. The Astor House has been thoroughly repaired and decorated, at an expense of \$280,000, and, under the skillful management of the Stetsons, will doubtless long maintain its high position among the first-class establishments of the kind.

THEATRICAL SENSATIONS.

WE have had two dramatic successes during the past week—each one of a somewhat opposite character, although each derives its interest from its purely sensational hue.

Mr. John Brougham's "Lottery of Life" purports to be a satire upon the sensational drama.

Mr. Augustin Daly's "Flash of Lightning" owns to being a "pure stripe" sensational drama.

So far as a reputedly common-sense critic may see, either of their claims will sit very well upon the either of them.

Mr. John Brougham's drama may be a satire, as beefsteak is the regulation boarding-house dish for breakfast, while Mr. Augustin Daly's play may be a sensational one, as that boarding-house breakfast is invariably that tough and leathery steak. In fact, the "Lottery of Life" is as good a sensational drama as any we have recently seen, while the "Flash of Lightning" is as excellent a satire.

We only state the truth. What is any and every sensational drama but a satire? To satirize a satire is but piling on the agony in an inappreciable ratio. It is carrying coals to Newcastle, or wooden nutmegs to Connecticut. It is running the score beyond the winning point.

Mr. Brougham offers us a very fair shake-up of the theatrical humanity in his "Lottery of Life." He gives us the many-a-lased rascal and the reforming confidence-man—an importation from England as well as one from the Old Regions—a groom addicted to fighting, and a waiter-girl given to profligacy and short petticoats, with a variety of other characters of the same sensational class. Having turned these strikingly novel individuals into his theatrical tureen, smoking hot from his memo—we beg pardon!—his invention, he stirs them all well together with his practiced pen, throws in all sorts of incidents—the more improbable they may be, the better, provided they are sensational—adds a fair proportion of good scenery, spiced with as many pretty legs and ankles as he can conveniently find, and Hey! Presto!—we have a sensational drama—No! we beg pardon a second time—a sensational satire which promises to enjoy a long run, if we are to estimate this probability from the enthusiasm with which it was received on its first start into New York life.

Mr. Daly takes a race between two North River steamboats, a Flash of Lightning, a gold chain and a coal-scuttle—one Shoddy with a couple of good-looking Shoddilettes, a Fifth Avenue swell and a true lover somewhat given to the use of alcoholic stimulants, a rascally detective and some half-dozen or more little strips of genuine wandering Italian boys (one of whom was encased in a song so often, that, unlike children of a longer and larger growth, he actually shed tears); a gentlemanly (?) clerk and a nervous passenger, with many other things and persons, which he also drops pell-mell into his theatrical saucepan. Stirring them up together with his soon-to-be-as-well-practiced pen, he adds a quantity of fire, which we trust will not vitiate Mr. Williams's insurance policy, a cock-bait on the river, two very pretty new young actresses, named Blanche Grey and Kitty Blanchard, who constitute a capital seasoning, and turning them into his dish, offers the public one of the best satires—but, we beg pardon a third time—one of the best sensational dramas we have this year seen upon the New York stage. It is certain to meet with a prolonged success.

Upon the same evening—Wednesday last—that the "Flash of Lightning" achieved this triumph at the Broadway Theatre, its lesser, Mr. Barney Williams, with his wife, appeared at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, for Mr. Gayler's Benefit. The house was crowded, proving that Mr. Gayler enjoys popularity, and excited curiosity, both of which facts combined, with the names of the two artists we have mentioned, to insure a large audience. The curiosity was caused by the fact that Mr. Gayler was then and there to make his first, and "probably his last," appearance upon any stage. As we were unable to see it, we can only state that this *début* and farwell, in one, was thoroughly successful, if estimated with a due regard to the contents of the treasury at the hour when the box-office closed.

ART GOSSIP.

MR. M. F. H. DE HAAS, whose large marine subjects have usually formed one of the attractions of the Academy Exhibitions for some years past, contributes to the present one "Moonrise at Sunset," 367. This composition includes a heavy sea surging upon a group of rocks, with a strong luminous effect playing over the waves. In movement there is much to praise in this picture, which is hardly so meritorious in point of color, however.

Two small pictures by Mr. F. Rondel, "Spring," 147, and "Winter," 485, have much of the sentiment of the seasons represented.

In "Hudson River, at Foughkeepsie," 517, a somewhat larger landscape by the same, there is feeling for the breezy autumnal phases of nature. The gleam of sunlight, on the notch in the further bank of the river, is especially good.

Mr. L. Rondel is not very successful in the composition of his picture of "Yellow Perch and Suckers," 227. The first are well painted, but the background

and accessories are dingy and leaden to a disagreeable extent.

"New England," 502, is a good example of the progress made by Mr. J. B. Bristol in rendering varied and spacious landscape. This is a picture very pleasant in its gray, quiet tones. In the infusion of summer atmosphere, too, the artist has been particularly successful. Very daintily painted, albeit with much literal hardness of detail, is "Wyncoop House," 327, by Mr. W. H. Snyder. It is apparently a faithful rendering of an old homestead of the not very picturesque character so often to be met with throughout the country. "Landscape, with Cattle," 354, by Mr. T. Robinson, is a large pastoral subject. The cattle are drawn and painted after a manner that indicates promise. Much study will be necessary, however, before the artist can achieve mastery over the elements that constitute landscape, even of a simple character.

Mr. G. H. Hall applies himself very assiduously to figure-painting, now, and in this branch it must be said that he makes encouraging progress. "La Gitana," 59, is a study of a pretty Spanish girl of the gipsy type, less meritorious in drawing than in color. A life-size group, called "El Frutero de Sevilla," 348, also has rich and glowing color. The young woman with the bunch of grapes is life-like, and graceful in pose. There is character in the head of the old man selling fruit, and the latter is painted charmingly. Less accurate as a study is the donkey that carries the panniers, his coat resembling fur rather than hair. In a small pastoral landscape, by Mr. S. Colman, "Lake Afternoon—Genesee Meadows," 363, the sky, middle distance, and distance, are rendered with observation and feeling. The color throughout this picture is generally good, but the general effect is somewhat marred by a certain heaviness in the foreground trees. Mrs. J. H. Boers contributes a pleasing little autumnal landscape, "Near Manchester, Vt.," 389. Here there are some very truthful passages in the foreground, and also in the middle distance. "A Sylvan Scene," 393, by Mr. William Hart, displays much of that artist's power in the delineation of tree forms. Some of the shadows in the picture are rather cold and black, but this is relieved by the tender glimpses of distant country discerned between the stems of the trees. Mr. S. L. Gerry has some indications of power in his picture called "Parting Day," 399. The composition of his sunset sky we do not altogether like. In the wide stretch of pasture lands, with their winding stream, there is much natural feeling; and this landscape, in short, would be a very excellent one, were it not for a manner of handling, approaching to slovenliness, with which the artist has treated it. "Scene on the Farmington River," 458, and "Morning in the Meadows," 363, both from the pencil of Mr. K. Van Elten, have passages in them of pleasant nature, observingly dealt with. Monotonous green, however, is a fault by which both of them are more or less marked. Miss Juliana Oakley contributes a pleasing little genre subject, called "Will He Bite?" 521. A small boy has clambered upon a table, and is busily engaged in trying to coax golden fishes out of a glass globe with rod and line. The face of the young poacher is very characteristic and expressive, and the accessories in general are well arranged and painted.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE events of the last week have been stirring, as the struggle between the Opposition still continues, and the Government has had to "reconsider" its position, having been whipped again on the Scottish Reform Bill, the Liberal party having thrown out the rating disqualification, and given to Scotland a household suffrage, pure and simple. The fact is, all these rating qualifications, and regulations about registration, are devised to limit the franchise and arrest the progress of electoral reform to its only just and logical conclusion—manhood suffrage. This, of course, is not attainable at present, but a household qualification, without reference to the payment of municipal rates, would have been equitable, as the franchise is, so to say, imperial and not municipal. The elector is adequately taxed and deeply interested in all questions of external and internal polity, whether he happens to have paid his parochial rates and assessed taxes before a certain day in July or not, and to refuse him the vote is a denial of justice.

The Suspensory Bill has been introduced by Gladstone, and is opposed by the Government. The object of the bill is to prevent any appointments being made in the Irish Church till the next Parliament; and it is quite fair. There is a Government Commission, for example, sitting on the Irish Church, and under the circumstances it would not be desirable to fill up appointments, which would have a claim on the Treasury, should the Church be finally disestablished, as it will, no doubt, be. But the Tory party is prepared to fight out the question, and go to the country, at the next general election, with the cry of "The Church is in danger." Many of the party complain that it has been dragged too much in the mire, and wish that the Government would resign, but it has no intention of the kind, and the less advanced Liberals do not wish to drive it out of office at present. The Radicals, however, desire to get rid of it altogether, and look upon the Conservative adoption of reform as a political profligacy of an unpardonable dye.

There has been no other legislation of any importance; but the serious subject of boys playing at "peg top" and "tip cat" has attracted the attention of the member Pease, and small boys who toss up half-pence, spin tops, strike pieces of wood on the *Sarac Vase* of London, are to be committed to prison as juvenile vagrants. Hitherto the police have scouted the boys away, but henceforth the sports and gambling of juveniles are created a crime by act of Parliament.

The retreat of the Queen to her Highland home has raised a storm. London, it appears, gives the Queen a headache, and does not agree with her health, and she has accordingly withdrawn, at a political crisis, to Balmoral. This raised the indignation of Beardon, an Irish member, who proposed that she should abdicate in favor of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The motion was smothered in an outburst of anger by the Commons, and Beardon apologized for having violated the forms of the House. But it is ominous and significant that such a motion should have been conceived, and entered on the "orders of the day." The people, no doubt, respect the mild virtues of the Queen, but the progress of opinion and the movement of the sovereign is stripping the Crown of its prestige, and it is a dangerous position for a monarchy for the nation to feel that it can go on without its presence in the metropolis. Many, from interested motives, are well disposed toward the "pompes and vanities" of a court, but rank, fashion and trade care nothing about "Scottish hills" and "Highland gillies."

In Ireland all is at present tranquil—the only incident worth recording being the persecution of a prisoner named Pagan O'Leary, who when ordered by the governor of the prison to attend divine worship, declared that he had never done so, was of no religion, and a Pagan. The governor, a military man, took a summary view of the case, and ordered him to choose immediately between the Established Church, the Roman Catholic creed, or the Presbyterian faith. The Pagan refused, and was placed on penal diet for three days, and then sent into hospital to recover from its effects. His conversion, however, was not immediate, as, rather than embrace either of the three alternatives, he went to penal diet a second time, but at the expiration of the period declared himself a Roman Catholic, which is the more remarkable, as fasting is a part of that religion. Such a governor ought to be employed as a missionary, as, by placing Pagan Ireland on half rations, he would convert the natives in a cheap and inexpensive manner. In the meantime the case is to be inquired into, and the process disestablished.

The other incident of importance here, is the comital of Governor Eyre. The question has been

so long and often before the public, that nothing new has to be said upon it; but the liberal and reflecting part of the community are resolved to vindicate the law and its doctrine, that civilians cannot be tried by military tribunals, and to prove that martial law is illegal. In the darkest days of our history, the Stuart never ventured to try civilians by military tribunals. Eyre has clearly gone beyond the law, in the execution of Gordon and others, and his acts were illegal; if justified, as asserted, by the condition of Jamaica at the time, still they are not to be admitted as precedents in case of other disturbances. Eyre is out on his own bail, but is to take his trial, and the indictment will go before a grand jury, and if they endorse it, he will be regularly tried.

The dispatches from Magdala have come in. Theodore, it appears, killed himself, rather than submit to captivity. A lock of his hair has been sent over, by a surgeon of the Expeditionary force, to Plymouth, as also his seal; but this last treasure was, it appears, made in London, by Longman, of Piccadilly, and is of no value as an article of vertu.

The army is unmolested in its retreat; marauding bands of Gallas and Abyssinians plunder the baggage; but the Abyssinians are a spiritless race, unable to defend themselves even from the Gallas, and quite unequal to conflict with European weapons or tactics. The British Museum agent has loaded fifty mules with books, and crosses, and ethnographical specimens. These are part of the "loot" of the army, but the whole booty is said not to be worth £20,000. It is a poor country, and the people only half reclaimed from barbarism. The search for antiquities will not prove very successful, as neither Egyptian nor Greek civilisation ever took much root there; the only remains—and those of a late period—being at Axum.

O'Farrell, who shot the Duke of Edinburgh, has been hanged; and Barrett, who was concerned in the Clerkenwell explosion, is ordered for execution.

The Melbourne Government is in a very loyal mood, and has passed stringent resolutions against suspected Fenianism.

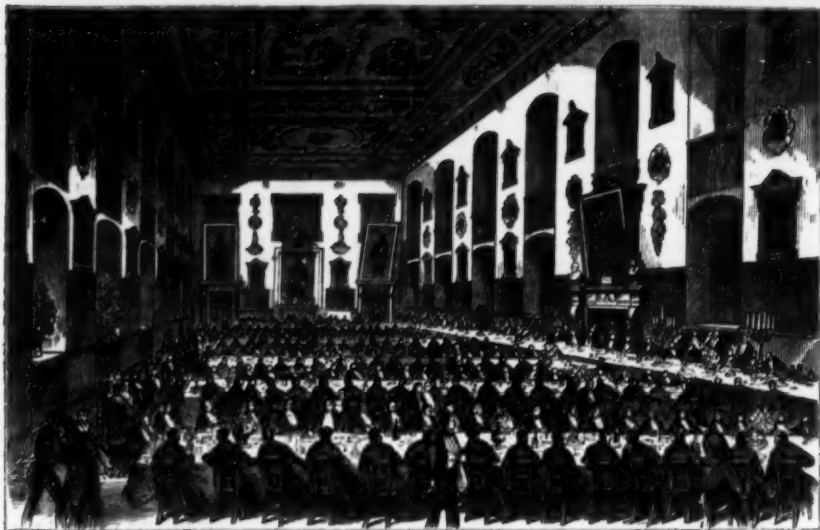
The French Chambers have been discussing the question of Free Trade with more than usual warmth. They do not like the French commercial treaty, and some of the manufacturers complain that they are driven out of the market by British and Swiss industry. This was to be expected in some branches of trade, as British capital, and supplies of raw material, such as coal and iron, gave England a decided advantage in some lines of manufacture, while Switzerland works with cheaper labor, owing to a light taxation, and a slight conscription, and no standing army. On the other hand, the French agricultural interest benefited by the treaty, especially the wine-growers, while the silk manufacturers of France successfully competed with those of England, and produced at the time much distress, especially among ribbon-weavers. The only effect has been that some branches of industry have been injured by the change, but both nations, especially France, much improved, and the trade greatly increased. The fault of France is her military taxation, her maintenance of too large a standing army, and her profligate employment of the flower of her population under arms. The treaty gave her what she most wanted, iron and coal, in exchange for wine and manufactures. But France has always been very tender of vested interests, and the distressed manufacturers have made the most of their grievance, it being, of course, no consolation to them that other branches of industry have flourished.

Justice in Abyssinia under the late King Theodoros.

CAPTAIN SPEEDY, the interpreter for the British army, who held a position in Theodoros's army as "Barba Fellaka," or the Speedy Commander, gives many interesting traits of Theodoros, among which he relates that Theodoros, who detested thieves more than any other kind of criminals, had a case brought before him, when fighting the Gallas, of a soldier who went to a woman's house and drank half a gallon of milk, for which he had not paid. Theodoros had previously given strict orders that nothing should be taken without an equivalent in money left in its place. The woman came complaining to Theodoros that one of his soldiers had stolen milk from her. The king asked her if she knew the thief, upon which she pointed out one who occupied a favorite position near his own person. The thief was sternly told to come near him, and was then questioned as to whether he was guilty of the offense, which he stoutly denied, asserting his innocence by all the saints and the king's anointed head. Then the king asked the woman if she had told the truth, upon which she again repeated the accusation, calling the heavens to witness her story. The culprit was then told to take his robe and cloak off, whereupon the king turned to the woman and said: "Hear, O woman! thou hast charged a soldier with stealing. I am going to satisfy myself if what thou hast said was the truth. If so, the price of the milk shall be paid thee; if not, thy head shall fall, and all thy property confiscated to support the soldier's relations." Having said which, he drew his sword and cut the man's stomach open, and the milk spurted out, which proved that he was guilty. The woman was dismissed with two shillings, the price of the milk, and the dead man was thrown out of camp to be devoured by wild beasts. Theodoros was at Magdala when Barba Fellaka was first introduced to him, in 1868. That same night a grand feast was given to all his principal officers; and after a feast it is customary for every one to recite the warlike exploits which he has performed. One of his captains, who had only been lately appointed, attracted attention from the dress which he had assumed. He had been formerly notorious for loose flowing trousers and a long robe, but for the feast he had donned a tight pair of trousers and had worn around his loins a very lengthy girdle. Theodoros was reclining on a divan, with a robe thrown loosely over his right shoulder, smoking a native narghile, his bold black eyes wandering quickly around the room and scanning each countenance, when, fixing his eyes on the new captain, who was about to relate the various skirmishes in which he had participated, Theodoros gave orders to his guards to seize and disarm him, which was instantly done. Taking the man with which the captain was about to illustrate how he had shot this one and killed another, Theodoros, pointing the gun at him said, "Wearer of loose trousers and flowing robes, wherefore hast thou been girdled so tightly? Men about to commit desperate acts gird their loins tightly for the enterprise. I am going to fire this gun at your head." "Shoot," said the man, folding his arms composedly, "but first listen to me, Kussal. For many months have I waited an opportunity to kill thee, and I was about to avenge the death of my father, whom you slew at Debra Tabor. Shoot." "No," said Theodoros; "thou art a brave man; go, but never come near my presence again." Before leaving the room the disgraced officer turned to the king and said, "O Kussal, hadst thou not slain my father, I could have served thee for ever."

A RITUALISTIC HOAX.—When Mr. Freeman, the Archdeacon of Exeter, was about to make his last visitation, a printed circular was sent round to the church wardens of the archdeaconry requiring them to fill in and return to the Archdeacon the following paper of questions, which were accompanied by extracts from Dr. F. G. Lee's "Directorium Anglicanum," in the compilation of which Archdeacon Freeman is known to have assisted: 1. Have you, at the expense of the parish, provided an amice, a chasuble, an alb, a stole, a manipule, a zucchetto, and a beretta? 2. Are these vestments white, according to the recent recommendation of your Archdeacon—or colored? 3. Is the communion-table removed and an altar of stone substituted for it? 4. Is there an incense pot? 5. Does your priest know when to join his fingers, when to stick his elbows into his sides, when to bow, when to turn north, east, south, and west? 6. Does he burn incense at the proper time? 7. If so, how does it smell? 8. Does he wash his fingers in the ablutions, as directed, and then swallow them? 9. Does he wash the corporal? Several of the gentlemen to whom these questions were forwarded filled them up as well as they could, in perfectly good faith, without suspecting that they were victims of a hoax.

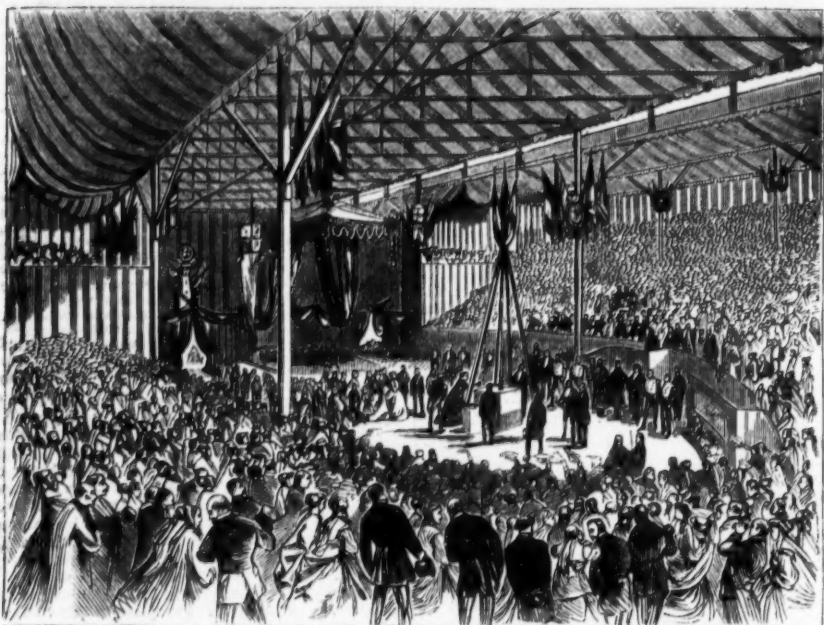
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 231.



THE PRINCE OF WALES DINING AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON, ENGLAND.



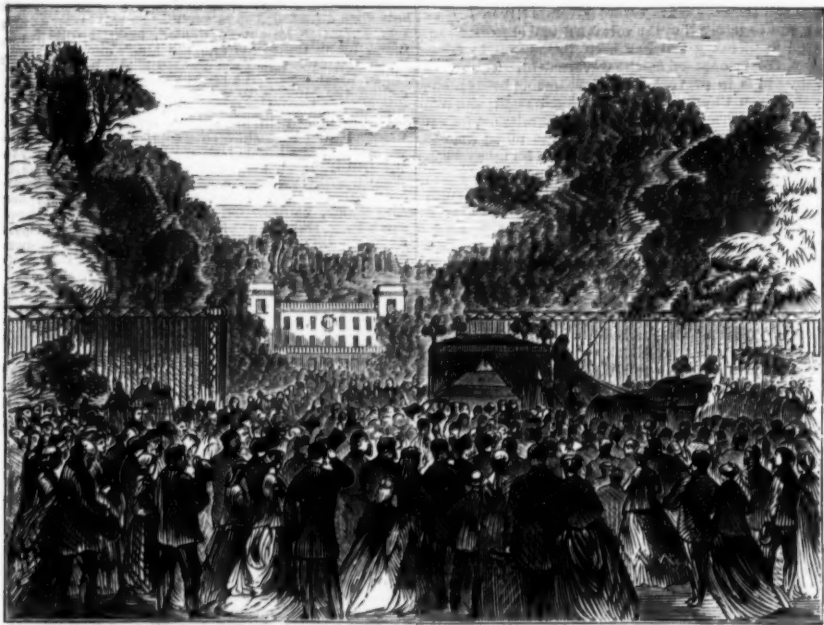
THE FESTIVAL OF THE BOMEIRA DE SAN ISIDRO, MADRID, SPAIN.



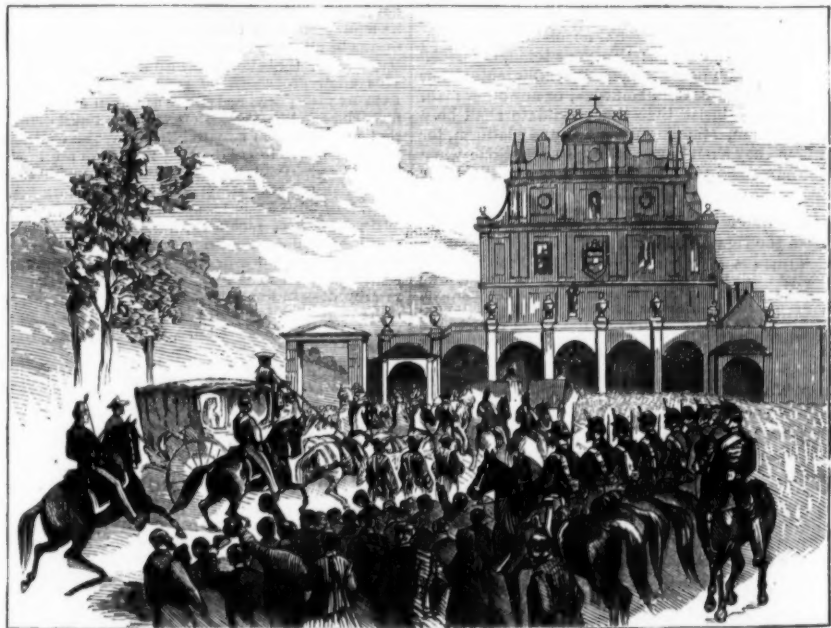
QUEEN VICTORIA LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, THAMES SOUTHERN EMBANKMENT, LONDON, ENGLAND.



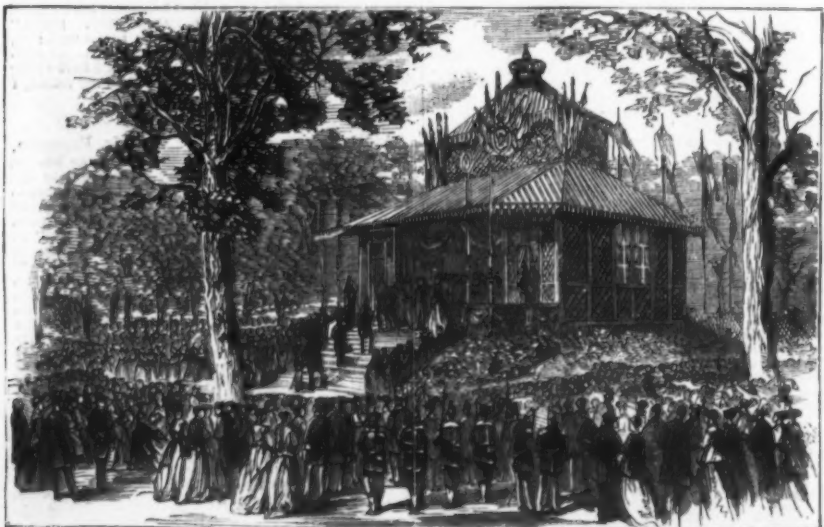
MARRIAGE OF PRINCE MURAT, TO THE PRINCESS OF MINGRELIE, AT THE RUSSIAN CHURCH, PARIS, FRANCE.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM, AT CANNES, FRANCE.



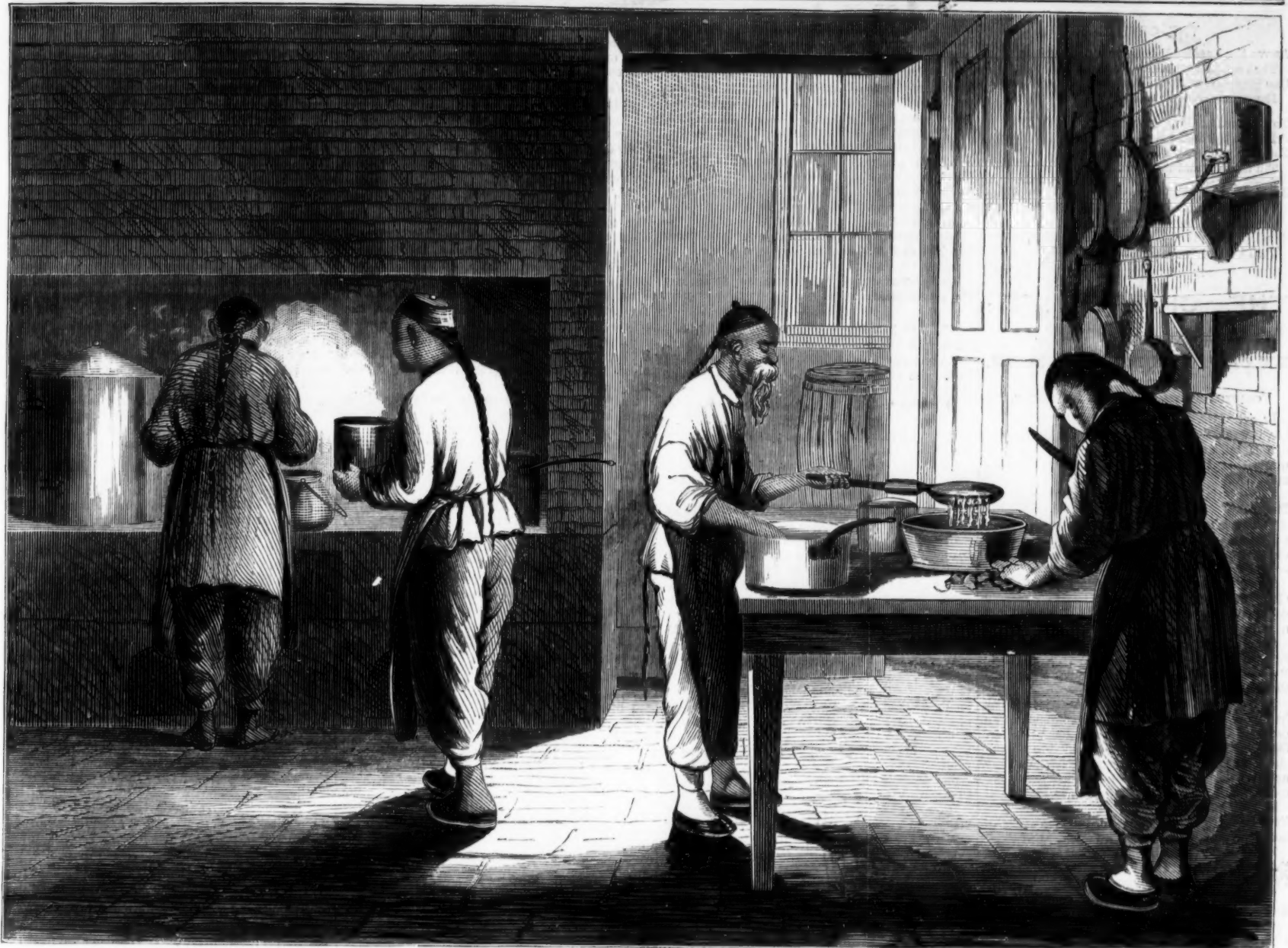
MARRIAGE OF MARIA ISABELLA, INFANTA OF SPAIN, TO THE COUNT DE GIRGENTI, AT MADRID,



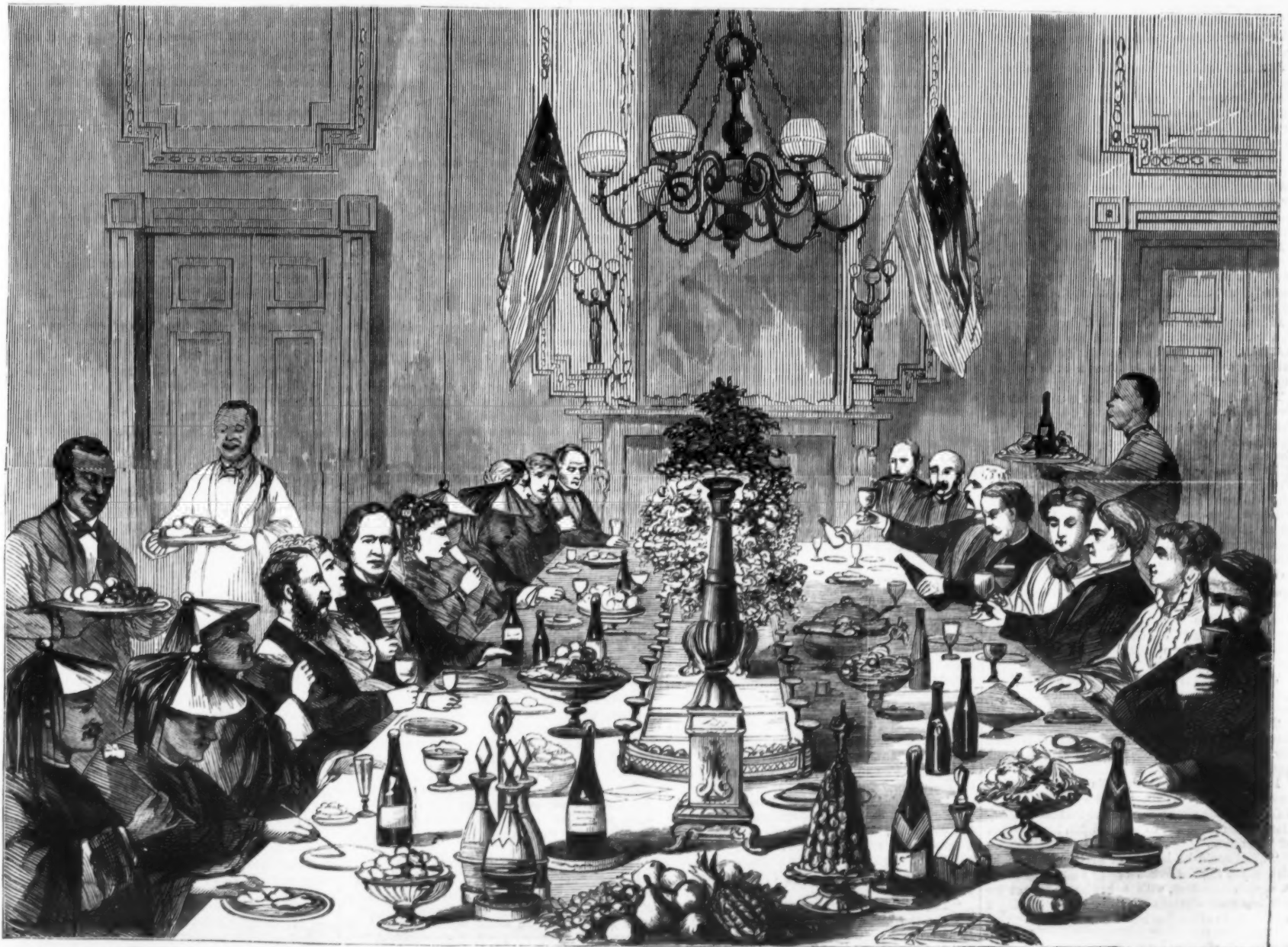
EMPEROR NAPOLEON DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES OF THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW, AT ORLEANS, FRANCE.



THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO ABYSSINIA - ARTILLERY ON THE RETURN MARCH FROM MAGDALA



CHINESE COOKS PREPARING DINNER FOR THE MANDARINS AND ATTACHES OF THE EMBASSY, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 231.



THE STATE DINNER IN COMPLIMENT TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 9TH, 1868.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 231.

THE CRESCENT.

Above the headland, set with spectral pines,
That rend a royal sunset with their peaks,
One glimmering curve of crescent softly shines
Her promise to the weeks.

To glamour and to charm an early love
I found her faithful, as the poets tell,
For life with life was interwound and wove,
Till death undid the spell.

Sweet promise, pitying crescent, mayst thou shine
To those who watch, and wait, and weep, and sigh,
Sweet promise to this weary heart of mine,
That breaks, but cannot die!

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—THE COUNT DE VALMY.

If ever Mrs. Girdwood had a surprise in her life, it was when Mr. Swinton called at the Clarendon Hotel, and asked her if she and her girls would accept of an invitation to Lady P——'s reception.

The entertainment was at the town residence in Piccadilly.

The storekeeper's widow gave her consent without consulting her girls; and the invitation came on a sheet of tinted paper, carrying the well-known crest.

Mrs. Girdwood went to the reception, the girls along with her, Julia carrying twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds, upon her head and neck.

Otherwise they were as well dressed as any British damsel who presented herself in Lady P——'s drawing-rooms; and among them were the noblest in the land.

So far as appearance went, the American ladies had no need to be ashamed of the gentleman who escorted them. Though to them but plain Mr. Swinton, Mrs. Girdwood was subjected to a fresh shock of surprise, when the noble host, coming up to the group, accosted him as "my dear count," and begged an introduction to his ladies!

It was gracefully given; and now for the first time in her life Mrs. Girdwood certain of being surrounded by true titled aristocracy.

There could be no deception about the people of that party, who were of all ranks known to Burke's British Peerage.

Nor could there be any doubt now that Mr. Swinton was a somebody.

"A count he is, and no mistake!" was Mrs. Girdwood's muttered soliloquy. "It isn't a lord. He never said he was one. But a count's the same thing, or the next to it. Besides there are counts with great estates—far greater than some lords! Haven't we heard so?"

The question was in a side whisper to Julia, after all three had been introduced to their august entertainer.

Just then Julia had no opportunity of making answer to it; for the noble diplomatist whose guest they were was so condescending as to chat with her; and continued chatting such a long time, that the count appeared to be getting jealous of him!

As if observing this, his lordship withdrew, to extend a like courtesy to the twenty other beautiful young damsels, who graced his reception-rooms—leaving the Girdwood group to their own and their count's guidance, for the remainder of the evening.

Receptions do not last more than a couple of hours, beginning at ten and breaking up about twelve, with light refreshments of the "kettle-drum" kind, that serve very unsatisfactorily for supper.

In consequence the Count de Valmy (for such was Mr. Swinton's title) invited the ladies to a *petit souper* of a more substantial kind, at one of the snug refectories to be found a little farther along Piccadilly.

There being joined by the other count, met by them at Mr. Swinton's dinner-table, and who, on this occasion, was unaccompanied by his countess, they passed a pleasant hour or two, as is usually the case at a *petit souper*.

Even the quiet Cornelia enjoyed herself, though not from the company of the two counts. She had met a gentleman at the reception—a man old enough to have been her father—but one of those noble natures with which the heart of a young, confiding girl readily sympathizes. They had chatted together. He had said some words to her that made her forget the disparity of years, and wish for more of his company. She had given consent to his calling on her, and the thought of this hindered her from feeling forsaken; even when the Count de Valmy confined his attention to her cousin, and the married count made himself agreeable to her aunt!

The Champagne and Moselle were both of best quality; and Mrs. Girdwood was induced to partake of both freely, as was also her daughter.

The two counts were both agreeable company—but more especially he who had so long passed as Mr. Swinton, and who was now less careful about keeping up his *incognito*.

It ended in Mrs. Girdwood's heart warming toward him with the affection of a mother; while Julia's became almost softened to that other affection, which promised to bestow upon her the title of "countess."

"What could be better, or prettier?" thought she, repeating the words of her willing mother: A stylish countess, with a handsome count for her husband—dresses and diamonds, carriages and cash, to make the title illustrious.

Of the last the count himself appeared to have plenty, but whether, or no, her mother had given promise it should not be wanting.

And what a grand life it would be to give receptions herself, not only in great London, but in the Fifth Avenue, New York!

And then she could go back to Newport in the height of the fashionable season; and how she would spite the J's, and the S's, and the D's—make them envious to the tips of their fingers, by flaunting herself before their faces, as the "Countess de Valmy!"

What if she did not love her count to distraction! She would not be the first who had stifled the cherished yearnings of a heart, and strained its tenderest chord, to submit to a marriage *de convenance*!

In this mood Swinton found her, when under his true and real name he once more made his proposal!

And she answered it, by consenting to become the Countess de Valmy!

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—CONTEMPLATING A CANAL.

SWINTON'S triumph seemed complete. He already held a title, which no one could take from him—not even he who had bestowed it!

He possessed the patent and parchments of nobility; and he intended taking care of them. But he still wanted fortune; and that seemed now before him.

Julia Girdwood had consented to become his wife, with a dowry of fifty thousand pounds, and the expectation of as many thousands more!

It had been a rare run of luck, or rather, a chapter of cunning—subtle as fiendish.

But it was not yet complete. The marriage remained to be solemnized. And when solemnized, what then?

The sequel was still in doubt, and full of darkness. It was darkened by dangers, and fraught with fears.

If Fan should prove untrue? True to herself, but untrue to him? Supposing her to be stirred with an instinct of opposition to this last great dishonor, and forbid the bans? She might set so at the eleventh hour; and then to him disappointment, disgrace, ruin! But he had no great fear of this. He felt pretty sure she would continue a consenting party, and permit a nefarious scheme to be consummated! But then? And what then?

She would hold over him a power he had reason to dread—a very sword of Damocles!

He would have to share with her the ill-gotten booty—he knew her well enough for that, submit to her will in everything, for he knew that she now had a will—now that she was re-established on the ride of Rotten Row, as one of its prettiest horsebreakers!

There was something besides the thought of Fan's reclaiming him, that vexed him far more than the fear of any mulct. He would be willing to bleed black-mail to any amount—covenant for it, even to the half of Julia Girdwood's fortune, to insure his first wife for ever keeping quiet.

Strange to say, he had grown to care little for the money; though it may not appear strange when the cause is declared.

It will only seem so, considering the character of the man.

Wicked as Swinton was, he had fallen madly in love with Julia Girdwood, wildly and desperately! And now on the eve of possessing her, to hold that possession as by a thread, to be cut at any moment by caprice!

And that caprice the will of an injured wife! No wonder the wretch saw in his future a thorny entanglement—a path, if bestrewed with flowers, beset with death's heads and skeletons!

Fan had helped him in his scheme for acquiring an almost fabulous fortune. At a touch she could destroy it!

"By heaven! she shall not!" was the reflection that came forth from his lips, as he stood smoking a cigar, and speculating on the feared future, assisted in conception by that same cigar; and before it was smoked to a stump he had contrived a plan to secure him against future interference, in whatever way it might be exerted, by Fan.

His scheme of bigamy, was scarce guilt, compared with that now begotten in his brain!

He was standing upon the edge of the canal, whose steep bank formed the back enclosure of his garden. The towpath was on the other side; so that the aqueous chasm yawned almost directly under his feet.

The sight of it was suggestive. He knew it was deep; he saw it was turbid, and not likely to tell tales!

There was a moon coursing through the sky. Her beams, here and there, fell in bright blotches upon the water. They came slanting through the shrubbery, showing that she was a young one, and would soon go down.

It was already dark, where he stood, in the shadow of a huge *laurestinus*. But there was light enough to show, that with a fiend's face he was contemplating the canal!

"It would do," he muttered to himself, "but not here. The thing might be fished up again? Even if it could be made to appear suicide, there'd be the chance of its identification, and connection with me? More than chance—a dead, damnable certainty.

"That would be damnable. I should have to appear at a coroner's quest—to explain!

"Bah! what use in speculating? Explanation, under the circumstances, would be simply condemnation.

"Impossible! The thing can't be done here! But it can be done!" he continued. "And in this canal too? It has been done, no doubt, many a time. Yes; silent sluggard! if you could but speak, you might tell of many a plunge made into your stinking waves—alike by the living and the dead!

"You will suit for my purpose, but not here. I know the place, the very place: by the Park Road bridge.

"And the time too—late at night. Some dark night; when the spruce tradesmen of Wellington

Road have gone home to the bosom of their families, and the Park Road policeman is levying black mail, on the pretty ducks who dwell in the Hanover cottages!

"Why not this very night?" he asked himself, stepping nervously out from the *laurestinus*, and glaring at the moon, whose thin crescent flickered feebly through cumulous clouds. "Yonder farthing dip will be burnt out within the hour; and if that sky don't deceive me, we'll have a night dark as d——n!"

"A fog too, by heavens!" he added, raising himself on tiptoe, and making survey of the horizon to the south. "Yes! there's no mistake about that dun cloud coming up from the Isle of Dogs, with the color of the Thames mud upon it!"

"Why not to-night?" he again asked himself, as if by the question to strengthen him in his terrible resolve. "The thing can't wait. A day may spoil everything. If it is to be done, the sooner the better. It must be done.

"Yes—yes; there's fog coming over that sky, if I know aught of London weather. It will be on before midnight. God grant it may stay till the morning!"

The prayer passing from his lips, in connection with the horrid scheme in his thoughts, gave an expression to his countenance truly diabolical.

Even his wife—used to see the "ugly" in his face—could not help noticing it, as he went back into the house, where she had been waiting for him to go out for a walk.

It was a walk to the Haymarket, to enjoy the luxuries of a set supper in the Café d'Europe; there the "other count," with the Honorable Geraldine, and one or two ladies of similar social standing, had made appointment to meet them.

It was not the last promenade Swinton intended to take with his beloved Fan. Before reaching the Haymarket, he had planned another for that same night—if it should prove to be a dark one!

CHAPTER LXXIX.—A PETIT SOUPER.

THE supper was given by the Honorable Geraldine, who had lately been "in luck," having netted handsomely on one of her steeds; sold to a young "spoon" she had recently picked up, and who was one of the party.

The "coped" individual was no other than our old friend Frank Scudamore, who, by the absence of his cousin abroad, and her benign influence over him, had late taken to courses of reckless dissipation.

The supper given to Kate was a sort of return to her friend Fan, for the dinner at the M'Tavish villa; and in sumptuousness was a spread no way inferior.

In point of time it might have been termed a dinner: for it commenced at the early hour of eight.

This was to give opportunity for a quiet rubber of whist, to be played after it, and in which "Spoony," as she called young Scudamore—though not to his face—was expected to be one of the coiners.

There was wine of every variety, each of the choicest, to be found in the cellar of the Café d'Europe. Then came the cards, and continued till Scudamore declared himself cleared out, and then there was carousal.

The last was kept up till the guests had got into that condition jocularly called "How come you so?"

It applied alike to male and female; Fan, the Honorable Geraldine, and two other frail daughters of Eve having indulged in the grape-juice as freely as their gentlemen fellow-revelers.

At breaking up, but one of the party seemed firm upon his feet. This was the Count de Valmy.

It was not his habit to be hard-headed. But on this occasion he had preserved himself; and for a purpose.

Busy with their own imbibing, nobody noticed him secretly spilling his liquor into the spittoon; pretending to "drink fair."

If they had, they might have wondered, but could not have guessed why. The fiend himself could not have imagined the fou. design, in thus dodging his drink.

His gay friends, during the early part of the entertainment, had observed an abstraction. The Honorable Geraldine had raised him upon it. But in due time all had become so mellow and merry, that no one believed any other could be troubled with depression of spirits.

An outside spectator, closely scrutinizing the countenance of Mr. Swinton, might have seen indications of such; as also on his part an effort to conceal it. His eyes seemed at times to turn inward, as if his thoughts were there, or anywhere except with his roystering companions.

He had even shown neglectful of his cards, although the pigeon to be plucked was his adversary in the game.

Some powerful, or painful, reflection must have been causing his absent-mindedness; and it seemed a relief to him when, satiated with carousal, the coiners gave tacit consent to a general *debandade*.

There had been eight of the supper party; and four cabs, called to the entrance-door of the café, received them in assorted couples.

It was as much as most of them could do to get inside; but aided by a brace of Haymarket policemen, with a like number of waiters out of the hotel, they were at length safely stowed, and the cabs driven off.

Each driver obeyed the directions given him, Scudamore escorting home the Honorable Geraldine, or rather the reverse; while Swinton, in charge of his tipsy wife, gave his cabman the order:

"Up the Park Road to St. John's Wood."

It was spoken; not loudly, but in a low muttered voice, which sed the man to think they could not be a married couple!

No matter, so long as he had his fare; along with a little perquisite, which gent looked like giving.

Swinton's prophecy had proved true to a shade.

The night was dark as pitch, only of a dun color on account of the fog.

And this was so thick that late fashionables, riding home in their grand carriages, were preceded, each by a pair of linkmen.

Along Piccadilly and all through May Fair, torches were glaring through the thick vapor, the tongues of their bearers filling the streets with jargon.

Farther on, across Oxford street, there were fewer of them; and beyond Portman Square, they ceased to be seen altogether—so that the cab, a four-wheeler, containing the Count de Valmy and his countess, crept slowly along Baker street, its lamps illuminating a circle of scarce six feet around it.

"It will do!" said Swinton to himself, craning his neck out of the window, and scrutinizing the night.

He had made this reflection before, as, first of his party, he came out on the steps of the Café d'Europe.

He did not speak it aloud; though for that matter, his wife would not have heard him. Not even had he shouted it in her ear! She was asleep, in a corner of the cab.

Before this, she had been a little noisy, singing snatches of a song, and trying to repeat the words of an ambiguous *jeu d'esprit* she had heard that evening for the first time.

She was now altogether unconscious of where she was, or in what company—as proved by her occasionally waking up, calling out "Spoony!" addressing her husband as the other count, and sometimes as "Kate, the cooper!"

Her own count appeared to be unusually careful of her. He took much pains to keep her quiet; but more in making her comfortable. She had on a long cloth cloak of ample dimensions, a sort of night-wrapper. This he adjusted over her shoulders, buttoning it closely around her throat, that her chest should not be exposed to the fog!

By the time the cab had crawled through Upper Baker street, and entered the Park Road, Fan had not only become quiet, but was at length sound asleep; her tiny snore alone telling that she lived.

On moved the vehicle through the dim darkness, magnified by the mist to twice its ordinary size, and going slow and silent as a hearse!

"Where?" asked the driver, slewing his body around, and speaking in through the side window. "South Bank!"

"You needn't go inside the street. Set us down at the end of it, in the Park Road."

"All right," rejoined the jarvey, though not thinking so. He thought it rather strange, that a gent with a lady in such queer condition, should desire to be discharged in the street at such an hour, and especially on such a night!

Still it admitted of an explanation, which his experience enabled him to supply. The lady had staid out a little too late. The gent wished her to get home, without making a noise; and it would not do for cab-wheels to be heard drawing up by the door?

What mattered it to him, Cabby, so long as the fare should be forthcoming, and the thing made "square"? He liked it all the better, as promising a perquisite.

In this he was not disappointed. At the corner designated, the gentleman got out, lifting his close-muffled partner in his arms, and holding her upright upon the pavement. With his spare hand he gave the driver a crown piece, which was more than double his fare.

After such largess, not wishing to appear impertinent, Cabby climbed back to his box; readjusted the manifold drab cape around his shoulders; tightened his reins, touched the screw with his whip, and started back towards the Haymarket, in hopes of picking up another intoxicated fare.

"Hold on to my arm, Fan!" said Swinton to his helpless better-half, as soon as the cabman was out of hearing. "Lean upon me! I'll keep you up. So! Now, come along!"

Fan made no reply. The alcohol overpowered her—now more than ever. She was too tipsy to talk, even to walk; and he had to support her whole weight, almost to drag her along! She was quite unconscious whither she was being taken.

But he knew.

It was not along South Bank! They had passed the entrance of that quiet thoroughfare and were proceeding up the Park Road!

And why? He also knew why!

Under the Park Road passes the Regent's Canal, spanned by the bridge already spoken of. You would only know you were crossing it by observing a break in the shrubbery. This only westward. On the east side of the road is the park wall, rising high overhead, and shadowed by tall trees.

Looking towards Paddington, you see an open vista, caused by the canal, and its towpath. The water yawns far below your feet, on both sides draped with shrubbery; and foot-passengers along the Park Road, are protected from straying over, by a parapet scarce breast-high.

Upon this bridge Swinton had arrived. He had stopped, and stood up to the parapet, as if for a rest—his wife still clinging to his arm.

He was resting; but not with the intention to proceed farther. He was recovering strength for an effort so hellish, that had there been light around them, he and his companion would have appeared as a *tableau vivant*—the spectacle of a murderer about to dispatch his victim!

And it would have been a *tableau* true to the life; for such in reality was his design!

There was no light to shine upon its execution; no eye to see him suddenly let go his wife's arm, draw the wrapper round her neck, so that the clasp came behind; and then, turning it inside out, flung the skirt over her head!

There could be no ear to hear that smothered cry, as, abruptly lifted aloft, in his arms, she was pitched over the parapet of the bridge!

Swinton did not even himself stay to hear the plunge. He only heard it blending with the

sound of his own footsteps, as with terrified tread he retreated along the Park Road!

CHAPTER LXXX.—ON THE TOW-ROPE.

WITH difficulty cordeling his barge around the Regent's Park, Bill Bootle, the canal-boatman, was making slow speed.

This because the fog had thickened unexpectedly; and it was no easy matter to guide his old horse along the towpath.

He would not have attempted it; but that he was next morning due in the Paddington Basin; where at an early hour the owner of the boat would be expecting him.

Bill was only skipper of the craft; the crew consisting of his wife, and a brace of young Bootles, one of them still at the breast!

Mrs. B., wearing her husband's dreadnaught to protect her from the raw air of the night, stood at the tiller, while Bootle himself had charge of the tow-horse.

He had passed through the Park Road bridge, and was groping his way beyond, when a drift of the fog, thicker than common, came curling along the canal, compelling him to make stop.

The boat was still under the bridge, and Mr. Bootle, feeling that the motion was suspended, had ceased working the spokes. Just at this moment, both she and her husband heard a shuffling sound upon the bridge above them; which was quickly followed by a "swish," as of some ponderous object descending through the air!

There was also a voice; but so smothered as to be almost inaudible!

Before either had time to think of it, a mass came plash down upon the water between the boat and the horse.

It had struck the tow-rope; and with such force that the old machine, tired after a long spell of pulling, was almost dragged backwards into the canal!

And frightened by the sudden jerk, it was as much as Bootle could do to prevent him rushing forward, and going in head foremost!

The difficulty in tranquilizing the horse lay in the fact: that the tow-rope was still kept taut, by some one who appeared to be struggling upon it, and whose half-stifed cries could be heard coming up from the disturbed surface of the water!

The voice was not so choked, but that Bootle could tell it to be that of a woman!

The boatman's chivalrous instincts were at once aroused; and, dropping the rein, he ran back a bit, and then sprang with a plunge into the canal.

It was so dark he could see nothing; but the half-stifed cries served to guide him; and, swimming toward the tow-rope, he discovered the object of his search!

It was a woman struggling in the water, and still upon its surface.

She was prevented from sinking by her cloak, which had swirled over on one side of the tow-rope, as her body fell upon the other.

Moreover, she had caught the rope in her hand, and was holding on by it, with the tenacious grasp of one who dreads drowning.

The boatman could not see her face, which appeared to be buried within the folds of the cloak!

He did not stay to look for a face. Enough for him that there was a body, in danger of being drowned; and, throwing one arm around it, with the other he commenced "swarming" along the tow-rope in the direction of the barge!

Mrs. B., who had long since forsaken the tiller, and was now "for'ard," helped him and his burden aboard; which, examined by the light of the canal-boat lantern, proved to be a very beautiful lady, dressed in rich silk, with a gold watch in her waistbelt, and a diamond ring sparkling upon her fingers!

Mrs. Bootle observed that beside this last, there was another ring of plainer appearance, but in her eyes of equal significance. It was the hoop emblematic of Hymen.

These things were only discovered after the saturated cloak had been removed from the shoulders of the half-drowned woman; and who but for it, and the tow-rope, would have been drowned altogether.

"What is this?" asked the lady, gasping for breath, and looking wildly around. "What is it, Dick? Where are you? Where am I? O God! it is water! I'm wet all over. It has nearly suffocated me! Who are you, sir? And you, woman!—if you are a woman? Why did you throw me in? Is it the river; or the Serpentine; or where?"

"Tain't no river, mistress," said Mrs. Bootle, a little nettled by the doubt thrown upon her womanhood. "Nor the Serpentine neither. It's the Regent Canal. But who ha' pitched you into it, ye ought best to know that yerself."

"The Regent's Canal?"

"Yes, missus," said Bootle, taking the title from his wife. "It's there you've had your ducking. Just by the Park Road, here. You came switching over the bridge. Can't you tell who chucked you over? Or did ye do it yerself?"

The eyes of the rescued woman assumed a wandering expression, as if her thoughts were straying back to some past scene.

Then all at once a change came over her countenance, like one awaking from a horrid dream; and yet not altogether comprehending the reality!

For a moment she remained as if considering; and then all became clear to her.

"You have saved me from drowning," she said, leaning forward, and grasping the boatman by the waist.

"Well, yes; I reckon you'd a-good to the bottom, but for me, an' the old tow-rope."

"By the Park Road bridge, you say?"

"It be right over ye; the boat's still under it."

Another second or two, spent in reflection, and the lady again said:

"Can I trust you to keep this a secret?"

Bootle looked at his wife, and Mrs. B. back at her husband—both inquiringly.

"I have reasons for asking this favor," continued

the lady, in a trembling tone, which was due not altogether to the ducking. "It's no use telling you what they are—not now. In time I may make them known to you. Say you will keep it a secret?"

Again Bootle looked interrogatively at his wife, and again Mrs. B. gave back the glance.

But this time an answer was received in the affirmative through an act done by the rescued lady.

Drawing the diamond ring off her finger, and taking the gold watch from behind her waistbelt, she handed the first to the boatman's wife, and the second to the boatman himself, telling both to keep them as tokens of gratitude for the saving of her life.

The gifts appeared sufficiently valuable, not only to cover the service done, but that requested. With such glittering bribes in hand, it would have been a strange boatman, and still stranger boatman's wife, who would have refused to keep a secret that could so scarce compromise them.

"One last request!" said the lady. "Let me stay aboard your boat till you can land me in Sussex Grove. You are going that way?"

"We are, missus."

"You will then call a cab for me from the stand? There's one in the Grove Road, close by."

"I'll do that for your ladyship, in welcome."

"Enough, sir; I hope some day to have an opportunity of showing you I can be grateful."

Bootle, still balancing the watch in his hand, thought she had shown this already.

Some of the service still remained to be done, and should be done quickly. Leaving the lady with his wife, Bootle sprang back upon the tow-path, and once more taking his old horse by the head, trained in toward the Grove Road.

Nearing its bridge, which terminates the long subterranean passage to Edgeware Road, he again brought his barge to a stop, and went in search of a cab.

He soon came back with a four-wheeler, conducted the dripping lady into it, said good-night to her; and then returned to his craft.

But not till she had rescued had taken note of his name, the number of his boat, and every particular that might be necessary to the finding him again.

She did not tell him where she was herself bound.

She only communicated this to the cabman, who was directed to drive her to a hotel, not far from the Haymarket.

She was now sober enough to know, not only where she was, but whither she was going.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Prince of Wales Dining at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, England.

The annual inspection of St. Bartholomew's Hospital by the governors took place on the 13th of May last, the Prince of Wales, as president, taking a prominent part in the ceremony for the first time. Accompanied by members of the medical and surgical staff, he passed through the different wards, and examined all the departments of the institution. In the evening his highness occupied the chair at the annual festival, which was held in the great hall of the hospital, and in response to a toast for the prosperity of the hospital, he alluded briefly to the origin and progress of the institution, which was one of the largest as well as the most ancient of the metropolitan hospitals. It was founded in 1103 by Rahere, minstrel to Henry I., afterward Prior of the monastery of St. Bartholomew the Great. On the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. granted a charter to the hospital, the accommodations of which were then of the most meagre description. During the evening there was a fine display of electric light in the quadrangle of the hospital, in honor of the Prince's visit, which appeared to give the utmost satisfaction to all concerned.

The Queen Laying the Foundation Stone of the New St. Thomas's Hospital, on the Southern Thames Embankment, London, England.

On Wednesday, May 13th, the foundation-stone of the new buildings for St. Thomas's Hospital, on the Southern Thames embankment, above Westminster Bridge, was laid by her majesty the Queen, in presence of a large concourse of spectators. The Queen, attended by the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, was driven from Buckingham Palace to the site of the proposed hospital in an open carriage. A large pavilion, with a blue canopy richly embroidered in gold, and with carpets and curtains of crimson, had been erected for the occasion. As the Queen and the royal party were conducted to the gift chairs placed for them on a raised dais, they were welcomed with prolonged cheers. Her majesty was attired in a deep mourning suit, and the white edges of the widow's cap were disclosed beneath her bonnet. The Princess of Wales occupied a position on the left of the Queen, and wore a very becoming suit, of a bright lilac color. Princess Louise wore a mauve-colored dress, which was set off to good advantage by the light green dress of Princess Beatrice and the Scotch tartan of Prince Leopold. The Prince of Wales, Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge stood on the right of the Queen, and were attired in scarlet uniforms. The address of welcome and affection having been presented and responded to by her majesty, she descended from the dais amidst the cheers of the company, and proceeded to lay the stone, which was a large block of polished gray granite, with an inscription in letters of gold. The stone will stand in the grand hall of the hospital when the building is constructed, occupying by itself a conspicuous position as a monument of the interest felt by her majesty in institutions of such a beneficial character.

The Marriage of Maria Isabella, Infanta of Spain.

On the 18th of May, the Princess Royal, Maria Isabella, eldest daughter of the Queen of Spain, was formally betrothed to the Count de Girgenti, brother of Francis II., ex-King of Naples, in the royal apartments at Madrid, and on the following day the grand marriage ceremony occurred at the Basilica d'Atocha, with all the pomp of Catholic rites and Spanish etiquette. The cortege from the chateau to the church was composed of all that splendid luxury of equipages, caparisoned horses, liveried gentlemen, lackeys, and halberdiers that it is customary for the Court of Madrid to display

on such occasions. Our engraving represents the arrival of the cortege. The first carriage is that of the bride and bridegroom; it is followed by the escort of hussars, of which the Count de Girgenti has been appointed colonel. It will be observed that this marriage is of a nature to strengthen the ties that unite the branches of the House of Bourbon.

The Emperor of the French Distributing the Prizes of the Agricultural Show, at Orleans, France.

The Emperor and Empress of the French visited the city of Orleans, France, on Sunday, May 9th, on the occasion of the Septennial Agricultural Show held in that place. The Emperor has a model farm of his own at La Motte Beuvron, in the same neighborhood, but this was his first appearance in the city since 1849, when he made a brief visit as President of the Republic. On the arrival of their majesties at the station they were received with becoming honors by the authorities of the city, and conducted to the cathedral, passing under a triumphal arch erected at the intersection of the boulevard and the Rue Baunier. The imperial party were received at the cathedral by Bishop Dupanloup, attired in his full episcopal dress and ornaments, and at once proceeded up the great nave to the sanctuary, where they knelt at the steps of the altar. At the conclusion of their devotions, the Emperor and Empress, attended by their suite, and the Prefect of the Loiret, entered the show-grounds on foot, and after examining the cattle and agricultural machinery, withdrew to a gorgeous tent that had been constructed for them. Our engraving represents the Emperor, at this stage of the proceedings, making the distribution of prizes and decorations of the Legion of Honor.

The Festival of the Remeira de San Isidro, Madrid, Spain.

St. Isidro is the Patron Saint of Madrid. Therefore the day dedicated to him in the calendar is a day of general rejoicing in the capital of Spain. In the morning, the appropriate religious exercises are held, and afterward the people of Madrid, male and female, assemble around the church that bears the patron saint's name, and that possesses, besides, his statue and the traditional relics, and there joyously celebrate the occasion. Our engraving represents the scene in the vicinity of the ancient church, a scene of gayety and of picturesque effects characteristically Spanish.

The Funeral of the late Lord Brougham, at Cannes, in France.

The funeral of the late Lord Brougham took place on Saturday, May 10th, at Cannes, a pleasant seaport town on the Mediterranean coast, in the south of France, where his handsome property, known as the Chateau Eleonore-Louise, was situated. This retreat was a place for which the deceased always had a strong affection, and at which he passed more of the last thirty-two years of his life than he did in England. A desire was expressed throughout the district to give him a public funeral, but the honor was respectfully declined by those who best knew his wishes when alive. Our illustration represents the funeral procession leaving the chateau, on its way to the Protestant church, where a brief eulogy on the private qualities, for which his neighbors at Cannes had so greatly esteemed him, was pronounced.

Marriage of Prince Murat to the Princess de Mingrelia.

The marriage of Prince Achille Murat to the Princess Salome Dadian de Mingrelia was celebrated on the 13th May, at one o'clock, at the palace of the Tuilleries, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Imperial family generally, the chief members of the noble families of the bride and bridegroom, and most of the high officials of the court. In the evening, the marriage ceremony was repeated at the Russian church, according to the rites established by the religious faith of the bride. The guests assembled at an early hour, crowding the somewhat limited space of the chapel, all in full evening dress, the ladies splendid in their toilettes de bal. Prince Murat wore his uniform of Lieutenant of Hussars. The princess was arrayed in white satin, covered with magnificent lace. She remained veiled throughout the service, in accordance with the formula of the Greek Church, which ends with the kiss of peace, and during which the parents and intimate friends of the couple take turns in holding over the heads of the latter crowns, not so light as to render the office a sinecure. Our engraving represents the ceremony at the Russian church.

The British Expedition to Abyssinia—Artillery on the Return March from Magdala.

The fighting part of the British expedition to Abyssinia having come to an abrupt close, the scientific men and artists attached to the invading army will doubtless make use of the opportunity to study the country and its people before their return. An interesting field for enterprising landscape-painters is there opened, as the mountain scenery of Abyssinia, as pictured in the sketches already published, presents many and peculiar attributes of grandeur and beauty. We give this week an engraving representing a detachment of artillery on the return march from Magdala, after the storming of that stronghold, the death of the king, and the consequent termination of the war.

Chinese Cooks Preparing Dinner for the Mandarins and Attaches of the Embassy, at the Metropolitan Hotel, Washington, D. C.

Among the *attachés* of the Chinese Embassy is a tall, spare-built, active individual named Wang, who has now reached his three score years and ten. His usual costume consists of a loose-fitting black sack over a long white gown, dark blue pantaloons gathered around the ankles, and a small black satin skull-cap. He has high cheek-bones, a prominent nose, bright, restless eyes, and a gray mustache and goatee, which afford a fine relief to his olive complexion and rugged features. The position he occupies with the Embassy is that of *chef de cuisine*—a position in which he has gained a brilliant reputation among his Celestial brethren. A portion of the large kitchen of the Metropolitan Hotel, at Washington, has been appropriated to his use, and there he may be found at almost all hours, attending to his favorite vocation. The remarkable skill and good taste evinced in his preparation of the food for the native members of the mission is also pleasingly manifested in the arrangement of his few and simple cooking utensils, and the various dishes and belongings of his kitchen. Every article of use has its particular place. With the exception of the stove, all the cooking utensils were, like the cook, brought from China. With the aid of an assistant, Wang usually prepares dinner in the space of half an hour, and his wonderful quickness of movement, and dexterity in handling his various dishes, are subjects of much wonder to those who are able to penetrate to this apartment of the hotel.

First, a quantity of meat is chopped into small pieces and put into a stew-pan. To this, peas, mushrooms, eggs, and a variety of other articles, are successively added, so as to mix in one dish nearly all that goes to make up the dinner. Considerable skill and experience are required in the preparation of this compound, so to regulate the time of putting in the several ingredients, that all shall be sufficiently cooked at the same time. The number of ingredients sometimes used is quite large, and the resulting flavor of the compound must be capable of almost infinite variations.

Rice and tea, two of the most constant articles of Chinese diet, are always prepared by themselves. When dinner is served to the dignitaries for whom it has been prepared, it is distributed in three or four dishes, placed at intervals along the table, and those sitting nearest generally convey the food direct from the dish to the mouth with chop-sticks, although sometimes the food is scooped from the dish to the plate, and eaten therefrom. Each one has a great bowl full of rice placed before his plate, which is eaten with but little dressing, the chop-sticks in this case also being the means of conveyance. After the solid portion of the dinner is concluded, tea, strawberries and oranges are brought forward, and with these the repast is brought to an end. Our engraving of the venerable Wang, engaged in his important calling, affords an excellent likeness of that important functionary.

State Dinner in Compliment to the Chinese Embassy, at the White House, Washington, D. C., June 9th.

A GRAND State dinner was given at the Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., on Tuesday evening, June 9th, in honor of Hon. Anson Burlingame and his associates of the Chinese Embassy. A very long and broad table was handsomely decorated with choice flowers, and laden with the richest delicacies of the season. There were in attendance the President, Mr. Burlingame, Secretary Seward, Chi-kuh-an, Swin-kia-sang, Messrs Brown and Du Champ, Secretaries of the Embassy; Commodore Shubrick, General Schofield, Secretary of War; Secretary McCulloch, Reverdy Johnson, Secretary Randall, Secretary Browning, General Banks, Secretary Welles, Baron Sioeckl, Mr. Thornton, the English Minister; Mr. Berthemy, the French Minister, and also the interpreters to the Embassy.

After dinner the entire party withdrew to the East Room, where they spent several hours in pleasant conversation, retiring at about two o'clock, evidently well pleased with the appropriate entertainment.

The Presentation of the Hon. Anson Burlingame and the Attaches of the Chinese Embassy to the President of the United States, at the Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., June 5th.

On Friday afternoon, June 5th, the members of the Chinese Embassy paid their official visit to the President, at the Executive Mansion. A large crowd of spectators had assembled about the portico of the White House, while a considerable party of the more favored ones drew as near the door of the reception chamber as the proprieties of the occasion would permit.

The two chief Mandarins were attired in gorgeous figured and highly wrought silk gowns, girdled with silk and jeweled cording, and wearing sashes indicative of their rank and office, of great richness and brilliancy. Upon their heads they wore peculiarly shaped sundown straw hats, which were covered with a loose flowing deep red fringing. From the top of the centre of these hats was suspended a glass ornament surrounded with jewels. Their pantaloons were quite flowing and of richly colored silk, and their feet were encased in silk and velvet sandals, beautifully wrought in color. The interpreters were nearly similarly attired, the only difference being various marks of rank, either about the style of the dressing or the color of the clothing.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, and Messrs. Du Champ and Brown, Secretaries of the Embassy, were dressed in plain black suits, without any insignia. The presentation ceremonies took place in the Blue Room, and were witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen in the vestibule, the door being open, but the only persons in the chamber were the Embassy, the President, with his private secretary, and the Cabinet officers. Addresses were made by Mr. Burlingame and the President, after which the credentials of the Embassy, from his majesty, the Emperor of China, were presented and received; the official exercises being concluded, the members of the Embassy were introduced to the members of the Cabinet, and a short session spent in conversation by means of the interpreters. At the close of the interview the Embassy retired to the State Department, where a handsome collation was served in their honor.

The Chinese Embassy Witnessing the Representation of "Fra Diavolo" at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C.

THE Members of the Chinese Embassy visited the National Theatre at Washington, D. C., on Friday evening, June 5th, to witness the representation of "Fra Diavolo" by the Richings Opera Troupe. The private boxes of the theatre were placed at the disposal of the distinguished party, and they watched every movement on the stage with the most marked attention. With the acting they were highly delighted, and manifested their satisfaction with frequent outbursts of laughter and clapping of hands; but they appeared unable to appreciate the superb music, for when the sweetest and most passionate strain broke upon their ears, their faces wore an expression of wonderful coolness. They were attired in brilliant costumes, and created quite a sensation among the audience.

GREAT MEN.—Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for a few shillings; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens, the writer of "Lusiad," ended his days in an almshouse; and Vangelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts. In England, Bacon lived a lifetime of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser died in want; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15, and died in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway perished of hunger; Lee died in the streets; Steele was in perpetual warfare with the balliffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save him from the grasp of the law.

A NEW fashion is announced in Paris. Ladies carry their parasol-umbrellas—we believe the technical name for the implement is an *ombrelle*—hitched to their sides like swords, which covers on them—especially if they wear hats and plumes, and high boots with high heels—a decidedly military appearance.



PRESENTATION OF HON. ANSON BURLINGAME AND THE ATTACHES OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 5TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 231.

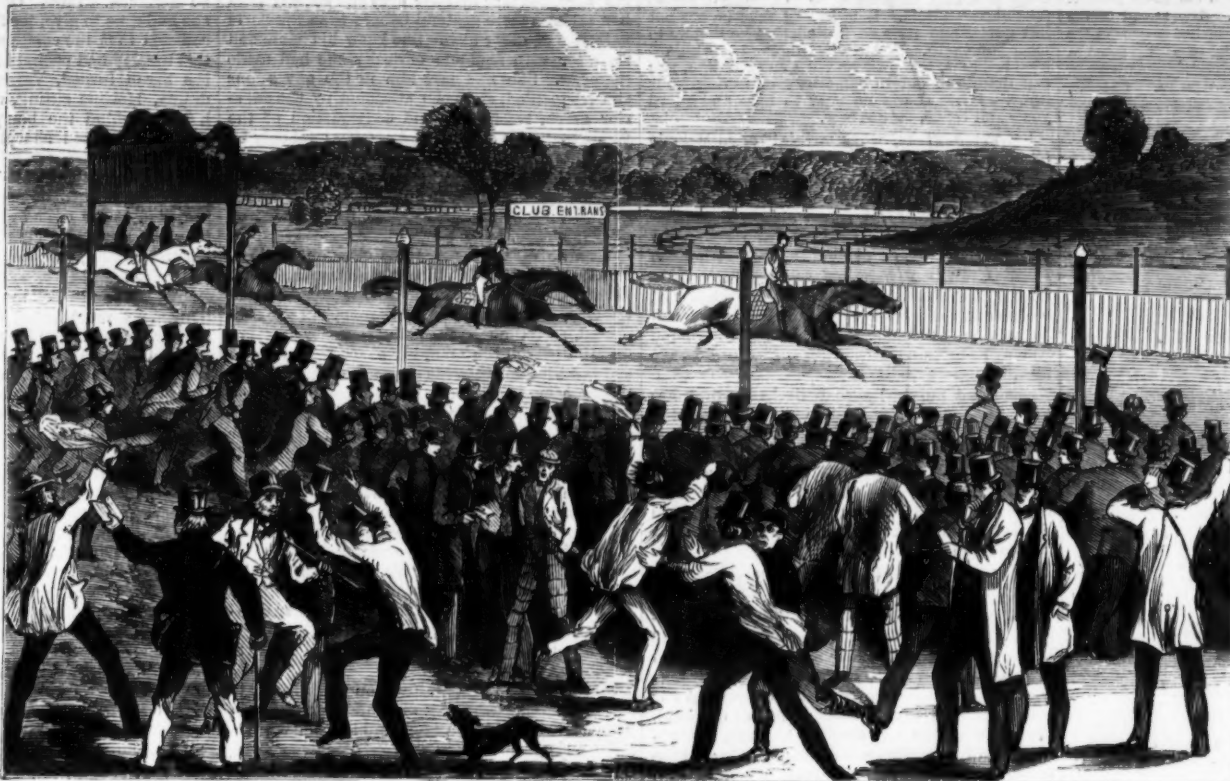
The Jerome Park Races, Fordham, N. Y.—First Day of the Spring Meeting of the American Jockey Club, Wednesday, June 10.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.

The Jerome Park Races, Fordham, N. Y.—The First Day of the Spring Meeting of the American Jockey Club.

THE unseasonable and unreasonable caprice of the weather has caused some change in the programme of the Spring Meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park, but, in spite of the discouraging influences of postponement, the races have been remarkably brilliant and exciting. Tuesday, 9th June, had been designated as the first day of the meeting, but the irrepressible Pluvius issued his imperative veto. But on the following day the weather assumed a more propitious aspect, and, with a glorious sunshine to enliven the occasion, the races were splendidly inaugurated. The attendance was unusually large, and a general disposition was manifest to enjoy to the utmost as well the delightful drive to the grounds as the entertainment there provided.

The racing on the first day is briefly stated as follows:

FIRST RACE.—The Fordham Stakes, a handicap sweepstakes of \$50 each, p. p., for all ages, and \$10 only if declared; \$500 added by the Club; one mile and a quarter; the second to receive 25 per cent. of the stakes, the third to save his stake. Closed with 32 entries.



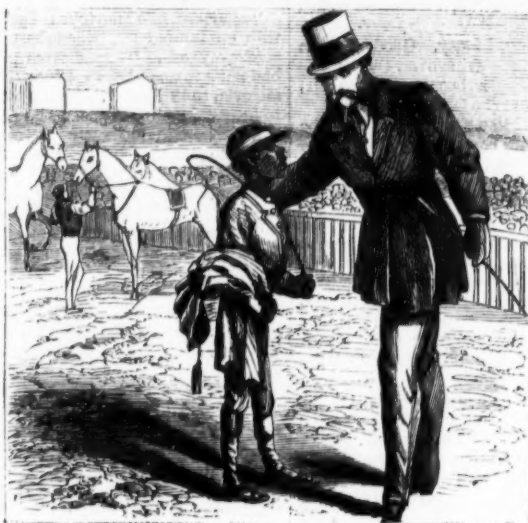
THE RACE FOR THE BELMONT STAKES—THE WINNER, GENERAL DUKE, COMING DOWN THE QUARTER STRETCH.

of these fearless riders on the scales, drinking a glass of water to bring himself up to the required weight, which he lacks by a quarter of a pound. Then comes the picture of one of the owners of horses entered, earnestly giving his jockey his last instructions, or impressing upon his mind those already given. Then comes the cheering bugle blast, sounding the call to mount; then the start, and all is excitement, suspense, hopes alternating with fears, till the crowning exultation or disappointment of the result. The reporters of the public press are, of course, on hand with pencil and notebook, and display considerable activity and an amusing spirit of rivalry in their efforts to be first with their reports at the telegraph office. In these journalistic side races, Mr. W. E. Harding, reporter of one of our evening contemporaries, a pedestrian of note, who is matched to run shortly with De Kalso, the celebrated Canadian runner, was invariably the victor. One of our engravings represents the pedestrian journalist, as our artist saw him, on Wednesday, under full headway for the telegraph office.

We cannot dismiss the subject without calling attention to the efforts, already successful, of the American



THE WEIGHING—MAKING UP WEIGHT BY DRINKING WATER.



THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS.



THE CALL TO MOUNT.

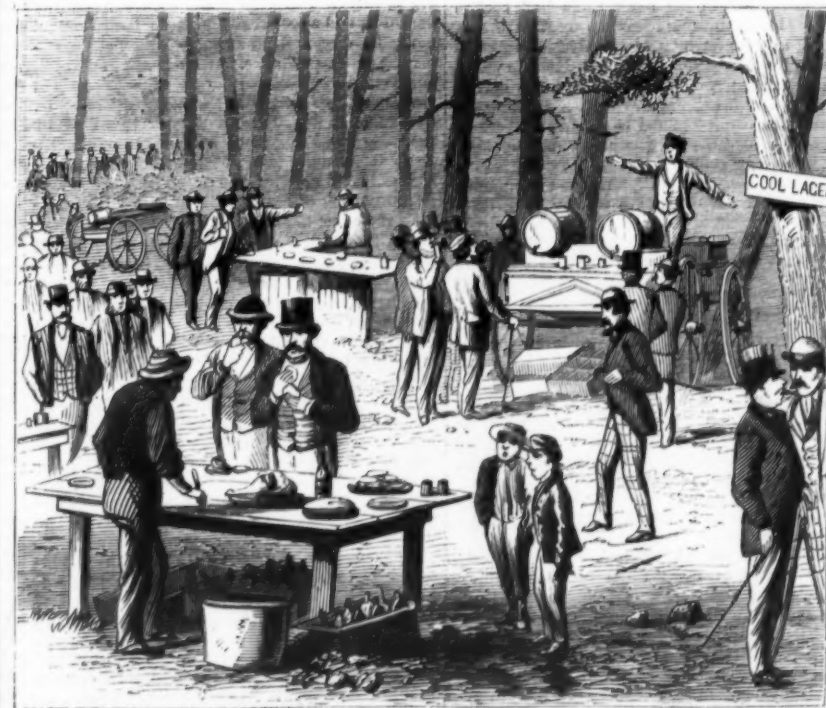


THE STARTER.

T. G. Moore's g. h. Stonewall Jackson, 5 yrs., 110 lbs. 1
T. G. Moore's b. h. Gen. McMahon, 5 yrs., 110 lbs. 2
D. McDaniel's br. c. Clement, 4 yrs., 105 lbs. 3
W. Constance's g. c. Raquette, 4 yrs., 105 lbs. 4
A. Belmont's b. f. Maid of Honor, 4 yrs., 95 lbs. 5
L. W. Jerome's ch. c. Gen. Yorke, 4 yrs., 95 lbs. 6
J. M. Dowling's ch. m. Enchantress, 5 yrs., 102 lbs. 7
Time, 2:16 1/4.

SECOND RACE.—The Belmont Stakes, for three year olds; one mile and five furlongs; \$200 entrance, half forfeit, \$1,500 added; the second horse to receive \$300 out of the stakes. Closed with 28 entries.

Eclipse colt, Inverglasse, Invercauld, and Cannie Bain also ran, but were not placed. Time, 1:06 1/4.
The mile heat race, for a purse of \$800, had only two entries, Gen. McMahon and the Colossus filly, which the former won with great ease in 1:53 1/4, 1:57.
T. G. Moore's b. h. Gen. McMahon, 5 years, by Lexington, dam Magenta by imp. Yorkshire, black and blue. 1 1
E. V. Snodiker's b. f., 3 years, by Colossus, dam Maid of Monmouth by Traveler, scarlet and white. 2 2
Time—1:53 1/4, 1:57.



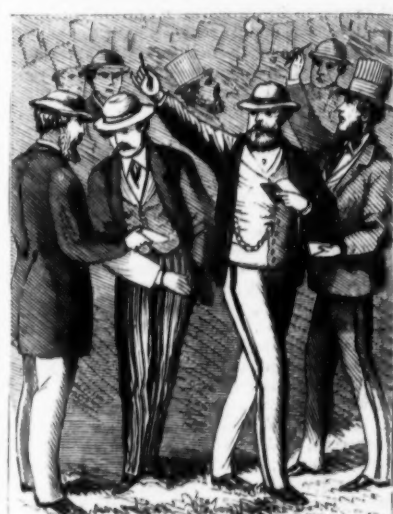
REFRESHMENT STANDS ON THE ROAD.

McConnell and Harness's b. c. Gen. Duke. 1
M. H. Sandford's b. c. Northumberland. 2
F. Morris's b. f. Fanny Lindlow. 3
Bowie and Hall's b. c. by Uncle Vic. 4
McConnell and Harness's b. c. Bayonet. 5
A. Belmont's b. c. Magnet. 6
Time, 3:02.

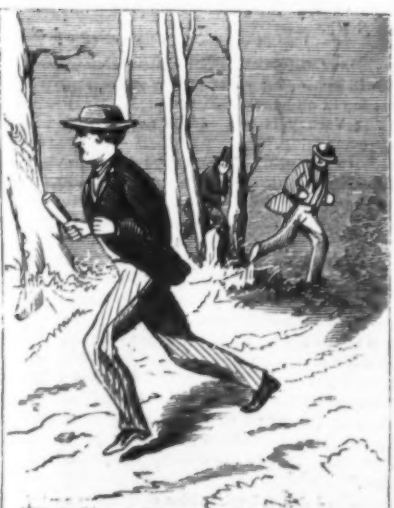
THIRD RACE.—The Hopeful stakes, for two year olds, \$50 entrance; \$500 added; five furlongs.

D. McDaniel's b. f. Bonnie Lass. 1
M. Sandford's ch. f. Salute. 2
A. Belmont's ch. c. Fenian. 3

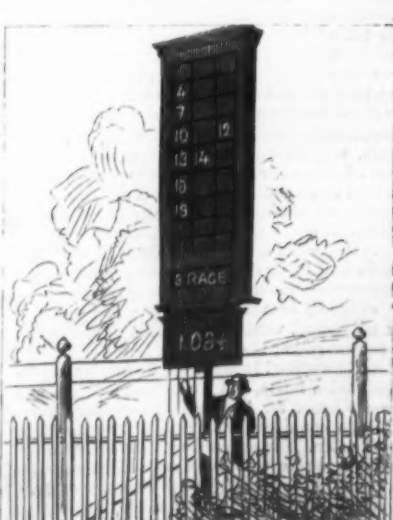
We have already illustrated many of the scenes associated with the Jerome Park Races of last season, and we have, in this number, endeavored to represent features not heretofore given in our pictorial record. The captions of our engravings will, in themselves, sufficiently describe the subjects illustrated. The little jockeys who play, next to the horses, the most important part in the exciting sport, are trained with great care, and exhibit extraordinary skill and boldness in the exercise of their responsible functions. We represent one



LAYING THE ODDS.



RIVAL REPORTERS RACING TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.



MARKING THE TIME.

Jeckey Club, to elevate and sustain the noble pastime of horse-racing in this country. The record of the Jerome Park Course furnishes a spirited chapter in the history of the American turf, and will greatly assist in enhancing the reputation and developing the merits of American horses, and in rendering the sport popular, by the encouragement of its commendable features.

UNDER THE SEA.

Why weep for him? The sea,
Throbbing from shore to shore,
Will mourn for him when we
Are here to mourn no more,
And roll along the sands
Its melancholy tales
Of wild uplifted hands,
Split masts, and tattered sails.
Deep under blustful cloud
And lines of frothy reef,
She weaves a sea-weed shroud
About him, in her grief.
We cannot write his name
On any cavern stone,
But his sleep is still the same
And our lives as much alone.
Though never a prayer was said,
And there fell no burial-sod,
We should still believe him dead
With the holiest rites of God.
And our eyes should never dim
While reverent lips can say,
"Our Father buried him
When he took his soul away!"

THE ROMANCE OF A BOUQUET.

As Mademoiselle Melanie's carriage was about to roll from her door toward the theatre, a hand from without suddenly lowered the window, a bouquet fell upon her lap, and a voice whispered: "Silence à la mort."

Too well accustomed to receiving homage in all manner of eccentric as well as gallant ways, the beautiful actress merely murmured a languid "Merçi, monsieur," and glanced at the tall, darkly-bearded man in a blouse who bowed and vanished as the carriage moved.

Carelessly examining the gift by the light of the street-lamps, mademoiselle perceived that it was composed of the rarest exotics, and arranged with exquisite skill and taste. A smile touched the lips whose proud and pensive curves so many enthusiasts had admired, and the listless eyes woke with a sudden splendor, as she thrust a dimpled finger and thumb into the fragrant mass, drawing out a folded paper, closely written on two sides.

"Ciel, how much he has to say to me! Can he have forgiven my last rebuff, and sacrificed his pride to love? I must restrain my impatience till safely in my box; it is impossible to decipher his *billet-doux* by this fitful light."

Holding the little paper tightly in her hand, mademoiselle fell into a reverie, as she inhaled the odor of the flowers with the air of one who enjoyed such luxuries for their own sake as well as for the giver's.

"If in this note he offers me his hand, how shall I answer him?" she mused, knitting the slender black brows, so like Rachel's. "I do not love him as I might love, and if I marry him, it will be for ambition's sake alone. He is as wild and reckless as a boy, yet brave, and I know well that he can be passionate and tender. I shall have rank, splendor, and, for a time, devotion; then the illusion will fade and I shall be more sorrowfully alone than now. Once his, and I lose my charm; fickle as the wind, he will desert his wife as ready as a mistress, and I shall be forced to console myself with gayety, or do as others do, and turn to lovers for amusement."

For a moment she sat with those wonderful eyes of hers bent darkly on the tiger-skin in which her satin-shod foot lay like a snow-flake. "No!" she suddenly exclaimed, with a proud gesture of her golden-filleted head. "No, I will never stoop to that! As an actress, I have lived without a blemish on the honest name my father left me; I have resisted all temptations to barter it for love, and now I will not sell my peace and freedom for a title. As a girl, I dreamed of finding a man noble and generous, tender and true—a man who would love me faithfully, guard me gallantly, live and die for me devotedly. I have cherished the girl's dream all these years; I'll not relinquish it yet, but still wait and hope, for, brilliant as my life is, flattered, courted, and bloated as I seem, my heart is hungry for a pure and loyal love."

The haughty head drooped a little, and two great tears fell upon the flowers, as Melanie, the great favorite of fickle Paris, confessed to herself the secret thorn that made her bed of roses irksome. For a year she had charmed the gay city with the rare and therefore piquant pleasure of admiring a young, lovely, talented and virtuous actress. The women, who feared and envied her, insisted that it was all art on her part to entrap a rich lover. The men raved about her, and laid vigorous siege to the beautiful creature, who resisted all attacks with a cool contempt that astonished the gallant gentlemen, while it increased their ardor. The gossip had lately decided that the young Comte de Grammont was to be the happy man, for he was evidently bent on winning the prize, and, it was whispered, would lay his title at the feet of the actress rather than fail.

Melanie wavered between her desire for a protector and a home, and the natural longings of a woman's heart for the genuine love which alone can make home happy or protection a blessing, not a burden. She was not spoiled yet, but stood hesitating where to choose, little dreaming that the events of that night were to decide her fate.

The moment she was safely in her box (for she was not playing that week), she glanced at the note, and turned pale, as she read:

"MADemoiselle—Permit a faithful friend to

warn you that Grammont is in danger of arrest for fighting a duel. It is known that he has not left Paris, and it is suspected that he lingers to meet you again. You will be watched by vigilant eyes to-night, but with your wit and courage, you can doubtless devise some way of saving your lover. A friend will be near to help and guard you at all times. *Au revoir.* L'AMOUR."

"Great heavens, what is this!" cried Melanie to herself, as she shrank behind the drapery of her box, and tried to collect her startled thoughts. "Grammont in danger—a duel! was it fought for me? 'A friend always at hand'—who is it who watches over me, who knows my lovers, and will be silent to the death? What can I do? Grammont promised to be here to-night for my last word. He will come at all hazards, for the excitement of the prank and nothing more. He may be disguised. I may not know him, and he may be arrested. *Mon Dieu*, how can I save him!"

She sat a moment with both hands over her eyes, thinking intently. She did not love the reckless young comte, but she could not let him suffer through her, and the generous heart, quick wit, and dauntless spirit of the woman were all alert to warn and save him. Suddenly she caught up the note and examined it; a tiny perfumed sheet, only one-half of which was filled. Tearing off the blank page, she wrote:

"You are in danger. Fly at once. Hope and wait. M. S."

This she thrust deep into the heart of her bouquet, and, nerving herself to the task, she dressed her face in the enchanting smiles habitual to it, drew aside the curtain, and leaning slightly forward, scanned the crowd below. Grammont was not there, and with a gesture full of coquetry, she unfurled her fan, shading her face, as if annoyed by the loggnettes persistently upturned the moment she appeared. Drawing a long breath, she leaned back, with her dimpled elbow resting on the velvet cushion in front of the box, and her eyes, under cover of the fan, scrutinizing each new-comer.

"This will be exciting, I fancy. Good: I begin to enjoy it, now the first start is over. When one is dying of ennui danger becomes agreeable. Some one comes! Can it be Grammont?"

As the words left her lips a tap sounded at the door, and scarcely waiting for reply, the visitor entered. Melanie's heart sank for a moment, and her hand clutched the bouquet, for in Baron Stein she beheld Grammont's most dangerous enemy.

The baron had been one of mademoiselle's most ardent lovers, and though signally unsuccessful, still haunted her, hoping to retrieve the failure which rankled in his heart. Pride as well as passion, revenge as well as regret, possessed him, and in the danger of his happier rival he saw a weapon which he was base enough to use against the woman who had rejected him.

"What happiness to find mademoiselle alone," he exclaimed, with a satirical smile, as he seated himself opposite and surveyed her keenly.

"M. le Baron speaks with the warmth of one who has seldom enjoyed that trifling pleasure," returned Melanie, glancing over her shoulder with an air of surprise which painfully recalled to his memory the fact that she had forbidden him her house. Could he have known that she was thinking, and with secret trepidation, "He suspects, and comes to spy upon me, hoping to discover Grammont," it would have lessened the chagrin which he tried to conceal under a nonchalant air and a careless shrug.

"As mademoiselle is likely to be less occupied with others for a time, I still hope to be recalled. Mademoiselle will find me more useful, though less ornamental than Varnay, Merçhall, or—Grammont."

Leaning back in his chair, Stein had spoken with a significant emphasis on certain words, keeping his eye fixed on the lovely face opposite to catch its slightest change. But Melanie was a born actress, and, once on her guard, felt herself his match. Lifting her brows with a pretty air of incredulity, she seemed to dispose of the first part of his threatening speech by a disdainful little gesture, and hoping to lead the conversation from the dangerous direction which Grammont's name seemed about to give it, she said, tranquilly:

"Who is Varnay? The name is familiar, but I forget the man. One sees so many. Recall him to my memory, and amuse me; I find the play dull to-night."

"Who does not when mademoiselle quits the stage?" returned the baron, with an ardent glance, though the satirical smile still lingered on his lips.

"My friend is dangerous to-night; he never compliments with that sneer except when he means mischief," thought Melanie. Shrugging her white shoulders with an air of ennui, she said, petulantly:

"Ah! that is so old; have you no newer compliment to offer me? But who is Varnay? I desire to remember him."

"Mademoiselle has but to look below, and in the young man with the rose in his hand behold Varnay," returned the baron, coldly.

As Melanie followed the direction of his eye, her own fell on the figure of a tall, dark-haired man, who seemed leisurely looking for his seat. The moment she recognized him, with an involuntary smile the young man looked up, flushed to the forehead, and bowed with such marked respect, that several persons turned to see who received such deferential homage. It touched and pleased her, for with a woman's quickness she felt the difference between this salute and those usually bestowed upon her. Others were graceful, gay, familiar, or formal, but in this there was such a happy blending of admiration for the famous actress, and respect for the fair woman, that her cheek flushed with gratified surprise, and her eye lingered with critical interest upon Varnay.

She had seen him often, for he never failed to appear when she played, and night after night

his absorbed face met her eyes and silently paid her talent a more grateful tribute than the flatteries of other men. She knew his name and rank, for with feminine curiosity she had made inquiries. She had met him in the gay salons she frequented, and been attracted by the superior grace, refinement and conversation of the young man. He evidently adored her; yet only by the mute eloquence of his fine eyes did he betray his passion, and she was forced to believe that pride kept him silent. This very reticence charmed her by its novelty, while it piqued her by its persistency.

Vicomte Varnay's name was often on her lips, and Vicomte Varnay's face often in her thoughts. There was a romance about this dumb, reverential love, which was more dangerous than she suspected, and though she found it easier to feign forgetfulness of the man, her heart beat freer as she saw him, for with his presence a sense of protection came to comfort her.

"So that is he? My faith! a handsome man," she said, with interest, well knowing that her praise would annoy the baron, who was aristocratically ugly.

"Handsome than Grammont?" asked Stein, as a return shot.

Coolly surveying the young man through her glass, Melanie answered, decidedly:

"In truth I think so, for Varnay looks as if he could be earnest—Grammont never."

"Mademoiselle will soon perceive that her opinion of Grammont is a mistaken one. It is evident that she has not heard the last news of 'Robert le Diable,' as we call him."

As it is evident that M. le Baron pines to relate some scandal, I take pity on him and give permission, sure that the story will lose none of its point and spirit in the telling."

Obedient an uncontrollable desire to know the worst, Melanie fixed her eyes full on the sardonic face opposite, and braced her nerves to bear whatever shock was in store for her.

"Mademoiselle mistakes again," said Stein, with an injured air, belied by the glitter of his steel-gray eye. "So far from pining to impart bad news to one whom I adore, it deeply afflicts me even to think of it. But rather than leave you to hear it from careless lips, I relate it, with sincerest sympathy."

"A thousand thanks! I wait the blow."

And with a mocking laugh, Melanie settled herself comfortably in her chair, with the bouquet carelessly lying in her silken lap.

"Grammont has fought a duel," abruptly began Stein, evidently expecting to startle her into the betrayal of some secret. But, thanks to the mysterious warning, she was prepared for this, and completely baffled Stein by tranquilly yawning behind her pretty hand as she replied:

"Stale news, *mon ami*. I knew that some time ago."

"But the duel only took place yesterday. Mademoiselle did not return to Paris from her week's tour till this evening, and has seen no one," exclaimed the baron, incautiously betraying his knowledge of her movements.

"True, and yet I know it. Does monsieur think he is the only person who employs spies and receives secret intelligence?" and Melanie gave him a glance which would have daunted many men, so full of contempt and malicious merriment was it.

Concealing his surprise and chagrin under his habitual sneer, he continued, with the keenest relish in the tale he told:

"Then mademoiselle knows the cause of the duel, of course. No? Is it possible! I shall hasten to inform her, though it desolates me to repeat the ungallant truth. It appears that Grammont, on being congratulated upon his approaching marriage with your adorable self, haughtily denied it, and swore that his noble name should never be disgraced by such a—pardon the horrible phrase—*mésalliance*. This occurred at a café, and high words followed, for one of the men called Grammont to account for the insult offered you. Of course the comte refused, was challenged by the fiery gentleman, and wounded him, dangerously it is said. That, however, is false, as I have cause to know." And dropping his eyes with an affectation of reserve, the baron watched covertly the effect of his words.

The indignant color had flushed to her face at first, then faded, leaving her very pale, and with a dangerous fire in her eyes, as she clinched the soft hand lying on the cushioned rail and looked down upon the flowers in her lap. She did not doubt the tale, and it both cut her to the heart and stung her pride, for she had believed Grammont's protestations, and felt sure that love would conquer pride. Now to be discarded publicly with contempt, to know that all Paris was ringing with her name, and that the man who swore to win her had risked his life rather than marry her—this roused all the woman's spirit in her, and tempted her to retaliate with a swift and sure revenge. If Grammont did venture to the theatre that night out of bravado, she would not warn him, but leave him to his fate. Nay, why not betray him to the enemy, who sat watching beside her? As the thought came to her, she glanced at Stein. He had raised his glass, and was intently scrutinizing a group of men in one of the stalls opposite. Her eye fell on Varnay, who sat just below, looking up with such a peculiar expression, that it arrested her. Neither love nor admiration now shone in the steady eyes fixed on her, but an intense vigilance; and as she looked on, intelligence shot into them, so expressive, so plain, that it thrilled her with the shock of a sudden intuition. Varnay sent the bouquet and note—Varnay watched over her—and even, as she eyed him, tried to warn her with a gesture and a glance. He raised the rose to his lips, and shot a rapid look at an old man who sat three seats in front of him.

Melanie's eye followed his, and with difficulty recognized Grammont, carefully disguised with gray beard and hair, glasses, and the muffings of

an apparent invalid. One angry glance was all she had time to give, for Stein put down his glass, satisfied that the comte was not in the stall. All this by-play had passed in a moment, and when the baron turned, Varnay was absorbed in the drama, Melanie sitting, with drooping face, half-hidden behind the bouquet. Before he could speak, she asked sharply, "Who fought with Grammont?"

"One of mademoiselle's most devoted lovers; pardon me if I give no name," and Stein assumed the modest air of one who deserves but declines thanks. Leaning forward, she laid her hand on his arm, saying, with suppressed emotion in eye and voice:

"Was it you? Tell me on your honor as a gentleman. I must know, for the man that did me that grace shall have his reward."

A better man than Stein might have yielded to the temptation of a lie, with that lovely hand on his, that charming face looking into his, flushed and kindled with the passionate beauty of mingled gratitude and indignation, tenderness and pain. Seizing the hand, he kissed it eagerly, exclaiming with well-simulated rapture:

"Ah, this hand can bestow a balm to heal all wounds. Ask me nothing, but give me the reward."

What inexplicable impulse led Melanie to turn and glance at Varnay, as the baron bent to kiss her hand, she never knew; but as she did so, again the vicomte raised the rose to his lips, again he gave the warning look, and, for the first time, she observed his pallor, the negligence of his dress, and that he used his left hand, while the right was concealed in the sleeve of the loose coat he wore. Like a flash of light came the thought:

"He fought for me, he watches over me, and, like a generous enemy, would save his rival through me, believing that I love him. Ah, Varnay, you are worth them all."

This discovery, false or true, inspired her with sudden calmness, courage, and a nobler purpose than the one half formed in her resentful mind.

"He sets me a fair example. I'll follow it, and show him that I can forgive the insult he so bravely tried to avenge," she said to herself; and with a change of manner which bewildered the enraptured baron, she withdrew her hand, making a noiseless gesture of applause, as she said, with a tantalizing smile:

"That was well done, *mon ami*; your vocation is the stage. I recommend you to M. Duhamel as an accomplished actor of light comedy."

Falling back with a muttered exclamation, Stein regarded her with an angry stare. But undaunted by his wrath, she added, significantly:

"Your wounds will receive no balm from my hand. I keep it all for my brave Varnay."

The expression of the baron's face as she uttered the name confirmed her conjecture and sent a glow of joy through her frame. Involuntarily she turned to thank the young vicomte with an enchanting smile, and, for the third time, saw the rose lifted, caught the meaning glance of the steadfast eyes, and remembered that Grammont was in danger. This time Stein caught the signal, and was instantly on the alert. His keen eye swept the house, dived into the recesses of opposite boxes, and flashed upon Varnay as if bent upon tearing his secret from him instantly and entirely.

"Mademoiselle found my former compliment distasteful; may I attempt to please her better by prophesying that the public will soon have an opportunity of admiring her talent in tragedy?" he said, with a dangerous glance from Varnay to the beautiful defiant face before him.

"Thanks! Your prophecy may be a true one, for hitherto the world has only seen me in the role of an actress. Now I am about to attempt that of a woman; and whether in comedy or tragedy, I assure you, I shall play my part with my whole heart!"

She had never looked so lovely as then, for the new hope, the generous purpose, the fearless spirit of the moment, lent brilliancy, grace and power to face and figure, tone and gesture. With a daring glance at Stein, a grateful one at Varnay, and a furtive flash of her scornful, yet warning eyes at Grammont, who now watched her, she dropped her bouquet, as if by accident, from the hand resting on the box front.

It struck Varnay's shoulder, glanced into the narrow aisle, and was about to be appropriated by an antiquated beau, when Varnay stepped forward, snatched it up, and passing rapidly by Grammont, uttered a word without moving his lips, and disappeared, with a bow and a gesture toward Melanie, conveying his intention to restore the bouquet.

"*Mon Dieu!* what will he do? All is lost if he comes hither with that note among the flowers. Stein will secure it; he sees my game, and will thwart me at all hazards—I have made a horrible mistake; Varnay is not in the secret, and will betray everything."

As these agitating fears swept through her mind, Melanie tried vainly to conceal her alarm, for Stein sat watching her, as a cat watches a mouse before she springs. She could not delay or warn Varnay, for it was evident that Stein would not permit her to leave the box; Grammont sat immovable, and another moment might betray him, for the baron had examined the gray-haired gentleman more than once suspiciously.

A tap at the door. Stein sprang to open it, and with a sudden motion secured the bouquet, saying blandly, while a frown gathered on his brow as he turned from one to the other:

"Thanks, Varnay; I was about to descend to secure my prize. Mademoiselle, you promised me a reward. Permit me to keep this, and I am satisfied."

Melanie had fallen back with a stifled cry as he seized the bouquet, feeling powerless to speak; Varnay regarded her with a tranquil smile, and seemed in no wise disconcerted by Stein's words or acts.

"We are ruined!" murmured Melanie, as the baron plucked out the paper with a triumphant glance at her.

"You are saved," whispered Varnay, as he drew nearer, like one obeying an irresistible attraction. She looked bewildered, for his *sang froid* amazed her, till the baron's exclamation explained the mystery. Glancing at the morsel of paper, he bit his lip, and turning sharply, held it before her, demanding:

"Did you write this?"

She looked—saw only the last line of her warning, "Hope and wait. M. S.," and knew that Varnay had torn off the rest, leaving enough to baffle Stein's malice and screen Grammont, if the baron had suspected the presence of the note. The smile she gave Varnay well repaid the quick-witted service he had rendered her, and Stein was mystified by the tone in which she answered, coldly:

"Yes, I wrote it."

"And dropped it for—whom?" demanded the baron.

"Vicomte Varnay. Oblige me by restoring to him the little token of my gratitude which I venture to offer."

And Melanie's blush at the mingled truth and falsehood of her speech completed Stein's defeat. Dropping the bouquet as if it burnt him, he stepped to the door, saying, in ill-dissembled wrath:

"I leave mademoiselle to bestow her own rewards and enjoy the appointed *tele-a-tele* with M. Varnay. Believe me, it will not be a long one." And with a sinister smile he vanished, locking the door behind him, having removed the key to the outside while speaking.

"What shall we do? He is furious, and is capable of any retaliation; arrest, insult, *esclandre*! If I could only pass that door I could escape behind the scenes. Oh, help me, or I am undone!" cried Melanie, losing her self-possession at this last stroke.

"I will! Wrap yourself in your burnous, remain quiet, and you shall be free in a moment. I expected trouble, and came armed at all points, picklocks as well as pistols. Is Grammont there?"

Speaking rapidly, Varnay stepped to the door and noiselessly did his work, while Melanie, obeying like a child, shrouded herself in her cloak and peeped from behind the curtain.

"He is gone, thank Heaven!" she whispered.

"And so are we," returned Varnay, as the door swung open.

Like a shadow Melanie glided across the lobby, through an obscure door, and threading a labyrinth of dusty passages, came out at the dimly-lighted back entrance of the theatre.

"A carriage? In one instant!"

And before she could put her wish into words, Varnay was gone. Back in a moment, he handed her in, and pausing on the step, asked wistfully, anxiously:

"Home, mademoiselle? Is it safe?"

"Where else can I go?" she cried. "My only friends are poor; I must not endanger them; my lovers vow they will die for me, but not one would risk life or limb in any real danger—"

"You forget Henri Varnay," broke in the young man, impetuously.

"Dare you help me now? Will you defend me from Stein?" she asked, bending to search his face.

"With my life! Trust me and try me."

"I will. Come in, and while we drive, advise me."

She drew him in, and bidding the man drive toward the Champs Elysées, she said, with a vain attempt at courage:

"Why need I fly? What have I done? and how can Stein molest me? I was needlessly alarmed; let me go home—he dare not follow there."

"Mademoiselle, hear me and then decide," returned Varnay, earnestly. "Grammont has foolishly entangled himself in a court intrigue, and this duel is merely made a pretext to arrest him, for all pranks and follies are forgiven but political ones. He will escape, I hope, for I warned him. But he would see you once more, and I could only trust to the native wit and courage of the gallant comte to save him."

"You speak kindly, and yet you are—enemies."

She could not say "rivals."

"Enemies, but also gentlemen, mademoiselle. We do not slander one another behind the back, though we might defy one another to the face," returned Varnay, in a tone which contrasted strongly with Stein's bitter tongue and false speeches.

"As you have done"—began Melanie with grateful emotion, but, as if anxious to shun the subject, Varnay said, as if she had not spoken:

"Under the pretense that you are in Grammont's confidence, and concerned in this intrigue, Stein will arrest you without doubt, and annoy you by every means in his power. He possesses influence, and will use it unscrupulously, hoping through terror, imprisonment and scandal, to win by force what he has failed to win by flattery."

"Yes, it is like him! I have thwarted and defied him, outwitted and openly scorned him—he will never pardon me, unless I buy peace by a sacrifice which nothing shall wring from me. I will leave Paris—but, alas, where can I go? My cousin has gone to England and my old aunt is at Lyons."

"Will mademoiselle permit me to conduct her to a shelter as safe and sacred as a convent? For a little time, if no more; a night at least?—and tomorrow she may depart to Lyons if she will."

The lights of the Place de la Concorde shone full in the carriage and fell on Varnay's face as he leaned toward her with this earnest plea. She regarded it with a searching glance; the handsome countenance was flushed and ardent, but the eyes met hers with the assurance of a truth as loyal as the love they so plainly betrayed. She could not doubt him, and with entire confidence in voice, and eye, and act, she stretched her hand to him, saying, with significant emphasis:

"Take me where you will; I trust you implicitly,

remembering that you have promised *silence à la mort*."

She felt him start as the last words left her lips, and treasured up this new discovery with the others she had made concerning him that night. A short parley with the coachman, and having given some inaudible direction, Varnay resumed his seat, and they rolled rapidly on. The rain fell heavily, a fierce wind blew in gusts, and as they left the city behind them, darkness reigned within and without. One of the long silences which often came was broken by Melanie's silvery voice, saying, in the tone of a wondering child:

"I ask myself why I trust you so entirely—I who have learned to doubt all men—and I can find no answer, unless I may believe that 'the faithful friend' who warned me of Grammont's danger is still near to guard me."

"Henri Varnay and L'Amour are the same, mademoiselle. Pardon me that I interest myself in your affairs, but I could not let you suffer any pain or loss from which I could save you. And I ventured to warn and watch."

"You thought, then, that danger to Grammont would afflict me?" she asked quickly.

"Could I think otherwise, when it is well known that you smile on him as on no other lover?"

The accent of pain in Varnay's voice touched his hearer, who smiled softly in the dark and raised the bouquet to her lips, for she still held it fast, as if to her it was a talisman. With a woman's curiosity all alive, she asked, in a sweetly persuasive tone, that would have lured a man's dearest secret out of his keeping:

"You know that he does not love me, for all Paris has learned what Stein just told me. I mean the duel which Grammont fought, because some one dared believe he would marry me. Who was the man he wounded? Do I know him?"

"No, mademoiselle."

The quiet, almost sad reply daunted her for a moment; then she leaned forward, saying, with a light touch on the wounded arm:

"If I lifted this cloak, should I not find the mark of Grammont's sword on the arm underneath?" No answer, but a rustle as if her companion shrunk a little. "Speak, I beg, I command you; let me know and thank the man who defended my name from insult," she cried with a dangerous tremor in the voice, which she tried to make imperious.

A low laugh broke from the vicomte as he replied with sudden impetuosity:

"Ah, mademoiselle, be merciful; a Varnay never lies, so permit me to be silent, and prove that the only wound I have received is from a woman's eyes;" and in the dark, two hands found and pressed her own in a strong, warm clasp, which made her heart flutter as it had never done before.

Before she could check them, the words, "I do not love Grammont," fell from her lips.

"Not love—and yet risk so much to save him!" cried Varnay, eagerly.

"I followed the noble example set me by one whom I must not name. I hated Grammont when Stein told me how false his vows had proved, but I desired to show my friend—I may use that name at least—that I too could forgive an enemy. I know my fault; I desire to cure them, to lead a calmer, better life; and when I believed in Grammont's love, I hoped I might know the peace of a home. That dream is gone; but I still cling to my girlish hope, and daily feel how empty my life is growing."

As she uttered this confession, half warmly, half regretfully, she felt Varnay's lips upon her hand, and Varnay's voice said hurriedly:

"I have had my reward; I pray that the hope may be fulfilled, and if I dared, I would endeavor to make life as blissful to you as this night has rendered it to me, Melanie."

Before she could answer, the carriage stopped, and leaping out, Varnay bore her in his arms up the wet steps, into a large, luxurious room; empty, but so warm and bright and still, it looked a haven of home-peace after the excitement of that stormy evening.

"Where have you brought me?" she asked, glancing about her with a half-timid, half-pleased expression, that delighted Varnay.

"Home to the love and protection of my mother."

Tears shone in her brilliant eyes as Melanie looked at him doubtfully, wistfully, asking humbly:

"Will she receive an actress?"

"She will welcome the beautiful beloved woman whom her son brings as an honored guest. Here, in the shelter of her roof, I may confess the passion which has possessed me so long, but which I dared not own while I believed you loved another. I do not ask an answer now; let me earn it by longer, worthier services than those of this night. I could not leave you without showing you my heart; give me one smile before I go, and I am satisfied."

"Go! where? must you leave me?" she cried.

"I shall bring my mother to embrace you, and then hurry back to Paris, that my presence may silence the tongue of slander before Stein can set it wagging."

Melanie made no answer, but on her face there shone an eloquent smile as she looked at Varnay, for the light showed her more clearly still the lover she had found in the dark. Pale and wounded, wet and disheveled though he was, to her eyes he seemed the comeliest man she had ever seen, for suddenly she had discovered the hero of her dream, a man generous and noble, tender and true; who had loved her faithfully, guarded her gallantly, and would live and die for her devotedly, if there was any truth in the adoring eyes fixed on her, as he lingered in the presence which made his happiness. Warm and welcome, from the depths of a grateful heart, rose the thought, the resolve: "This man truly loves me, and this man I will truly love."

"What can I do or say to thank you, my faithful friend?" she faltered, ready to grant any boon in the fullness of her gratitude.

"Give me this, and let it bring me again the blessed words, 'Hope and wait.'"

He pointed to the bouquet, broken and faded, but still sweet, and to him most precious, for she had held it close through all the hurry of that hour. She looked lovingly at the frail thing which had played its part in the scenes of that eventful night, she lifted it to her lips, and turning, with a glance, a gesture, which seemed to bestow the giver with the gift, she laid the flowers in her lover's hand.

FEARFUL SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.

THE Fenian convict, Michael Barrett, the author of the Clerkenwell explosion, was hanged on the 26th of May last, in front of Newgate jail. The wonderful degree of composure preserved by the prisoner during his trial and incarceration clung to him even while his arms were being pinioned and the black cap adjusted, previous to his execution.

The persistent burst of groaning which greeted the detachment of metropolitan police joining the city constables, in the enclosed space before the gallows, became appalling when the hangman was recognized. "Let's put him there instead!" "Shame!" "Down with him!" "Bah, bah, murderer, bah!" are but a few of the articulate sounds heard from the windows of the Old Bailey, and ringing in the doomed man's ears at the supreme moment. But even these were lost in the excited and congratulatory cheers for Barrett. The murderous outrage for which he died seemed to be forgotten. The maimed women, the crippled children, the countless agonies inflicted upon the aged, the helpless and the weak; the honest breadwinners reduced to a life of cheerless, painful pauperism, all faded out of sight; and hand-clapping "Bravo, Barrett," "Good-by, Barrett," "Never mind 'em, — them!" were mixed up with cheers as hearty as ever followed hero to battle-field.

As the drop fell, and the blindfolded figure swung to and fro, none of the usual twitches and convulsive struggles were manifested, the muscular frame seeming to part with life without a single throes.

The London *Express* relates the following incidents in connection with the execution:

"Hanging over the barrier immediately opposite the gallows, and supported on either side by a female friend, stood the half-fainting figure of a young woman of some four or five-and-twenty. Her decent demeanor and modest air won even upon the brutal natures around her, and a couple of genuine London roughs kept back their comrades by entreaties, and when necessary, by blows. Whatever her relationship or knowledge of Barrett may have been, there could be no doubt of the genuineness of her emotion this morning. Deadly white, with clinched lips, and hands which clung to the wooden barrier before her with the tenacity of the drowning man, she succeeded in controlling herself until the drop actually fell. When Barrett appeared on the scaffold, the women supporting her redoubled their consolatory efforts, and her blanched face and wistful air became intensified in their expression. But when his face was covered, she gave way, and at the fatal moment fell prostrate, and lay in a passion of hysterical grief, deaf to the noises and blind to the sights nearer him, and conscious only of the gallows and its doubtful mission. Concurrently with this painful scene is a stir among the policemen guarding the enclosure in front. One of their number, a tall, good-looking young man, has given way, and Barrett's death is the signal for his falling down in a fit. His clinched teeth, white face, upturned eyeballs, and cataplectic figure, as his head falls back over the arms raised to support him, lend additional horror to the proceedings. But his brother officers loosen his neck-cloth, and pale, haggard, and with some ugly marks as if of blood about the mouth, he is led away by a couple of colleagues with stronger nerves than his own, who half guide, half help him to Newgate door, taking him as they do so close by the gallows tree, and the rigid figure now moving idly, but with a sort of pendulum motion, from north to south."

THE CHASSEPOT GUN.

MARSHAL NIEL, Minister of War, has just submitted to the Emperor a report on the practice with the Chassepot gun. That arm was given out in September, 1866, as an experiment, to the battalion of Foot Chasseurs of the Guard. Its distribution to the other regiments of the Guard only commenced at the close of March, 1867, and by degrees, as the manufacture advanced, the delivery of these rifles was extended to the Infantry of the Line, the whole of which was supplied by the end of April last, or in a little more than a year from the first issue. However recent this may be for many of the regiments, the experience obtained permits an opinion to be formed as to the efficiency of the weapon. The regulation range of the new rifle is 3,250 yards, although it may easily extend to 3,600 yards. The projectile, fired at velocity of 1,460 yards per second, has a trajectory so low that at a distance of 1,200 yards the ball does not rise much above the line of aim, which result is a most favorable condition for the efficacy of fire. From the rapidity with which the arm may be loaded in any position, kneeling, seated, lying down, as well as standing, the men are able to fire seven, eight, or even ten shots per minute, taking aim, or fourteen without shouldering the gun. With the old musket the maximum range was but 2,000 yards, the velocity 1,000 yards per second, and the men under normal conditions were only able to fire two shots per minute, while, as they were forced to load standing, they were all the time exposed to the enemy. With respect to precision of aim, the advantages are not less remarkable. The subjoined table shows the average number per cent. of shots which struck the line of target at the various distances, and the mean results obtained by the three categories of men, representing the different periods during which they had had those arms in use, are a proof of the facility with which the troops become accustomed to their use:

	Distance in yards.				
With old rifled musket.	650	1300	1950	2600	3250
Infantry of the Line.....	30.8	15.8	8.5	"	"
With Chassepot rifle.					
Infantry of the Line (Instruction recently commenced).....	35.6	26.2	19.7	14.3	8.2
Foot Regt. of the Guard (Instruction more advanced).....	59.4	37.3	28.6	21.6	16.0
Foot Chasseurs of the Guard (Complete instruction).....	62.8	46.6	33.1	28.4	24.7

SHORT DRESSES.

The Queen—not flesh and blood majesty—but the London Journal that assumes that title—has the following eulogy of short dresses, which, however, may lose some of its force from the fact that the ball of the Countess Pourtales is represented as having been a failure, and, apparently, only served to render the downfall of short dresses more sudden and complete:

Our readers doubtless perused with much interest the account given in our columns last week of the ball of the Countess Pourtales, which had for its special object the inauguration of short skirts, even in the ball-room.

At last, it seems that fashion has made a step in the direction of common sense. When constant alterations are taking place in dress, and the modistes, or whoever the people may be that invent the new fashions of

dress, are driven to their wit's end for novelty, some new things must occasionally turn up which are not contrary to the dictates of reason. We seem to be approaching such a phase of things at the present moment. After a time, when almost all women wear skirts indefinitely expanded, the superfluous width has been disposed of; and, after a period when skirts trailed over all the dirt of the pavements, they are now ordered to be of a length consistent with clean lines. We can only hope that there will not be a rush into the opposite extreme from that which has so recently ruled the mode, and that a too liberal display of feet and petticoat may not follow a state of things which might well have co-existed with, hardly the absence, but with the utter unrepresentability, of both feet and undergarments.

We hear it said that the proposed new fashion is not likely to become popular, for the reason that many women have not got pretty feet; and that their vanity will forbid their exhibiting large and flat feet, even though it is the fashion to do so.

Now, granting that short skirts will allow the feet to appear, it by no means follows that too liberal a display is to be made of them. The poet who enumerated the charming feet as among the attractions of his lady-love, spoke of them as "little mice, which peeped in and out," not as permanent exhibitions. Besides, we do not believe in the least that the majority of women have ugly feet. If it be so, who are the wearers of the charming little chausures that are to be seen any day in the windows of the bootmakers? They cannot all be made for show. Again, short skirts have been in fashion before, and there was no lack of well-formed feet among the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation. Why should their descendants be more degenerate in this matter than they?

Flowing dresses look well when there are spacious rooms in which to exhibit them. They are courtly and graceful, queenly, it is said in origin, and regal in their grand sweep. But then the sweep is not intended to be one literally on the pavement; and great halls and saloons fall to the lot of but very few women for the display of their superfluous yards of silk, satin and velvet. In small rooms these skirts are terribly in the way. They cause accidents which are ludicrous, when they are not serious. It is not an elegant position which Jones and his friends suddenly find themselves in, when he accidentally sets foot on her train, and she is arrested in her stately walk, while he is ungracefully jerked forward. Short skirts will remedy all that; and what is more serious and important, they will render impossible such accidents as that which befell the poor man who was killed the other day from the effects of a fall, resulting from stepping on a lady's dress.

Short skirts for outdoor wear are really a necessity for all persons of cleanly habits. This has always been evidenced by the trouble taken to hold up the drapery, and by the numerous inventions of cords, strings, and "pages" which have been in vogue for so long—none of which, by the way, ever work in an entirely satisfactory manner. But the dress, short enough to escape contact with mud and dust, will leave the hands free, and will avoid all accidents of sudden dropping when the giving way of a cord is most inconvenient. The short skirts will probably follow in the drawing-room and in the ball-room, in the latter of which places the long skirts are always ludicrously and uncomfortably in the way. Trains were never intended to follow the evolutions of the "mazy dance;" and they drag after their wearers in a manner by no means suggestive of grace or dignity. They need the stately promenade for their full display, and do not lend themselves well to the rapid dances which are affected by frequenters of ball-rooms.

Altogether, we are glad that skirts of reasonable length are in fashion for the present; and we wish to profit by them while we may.

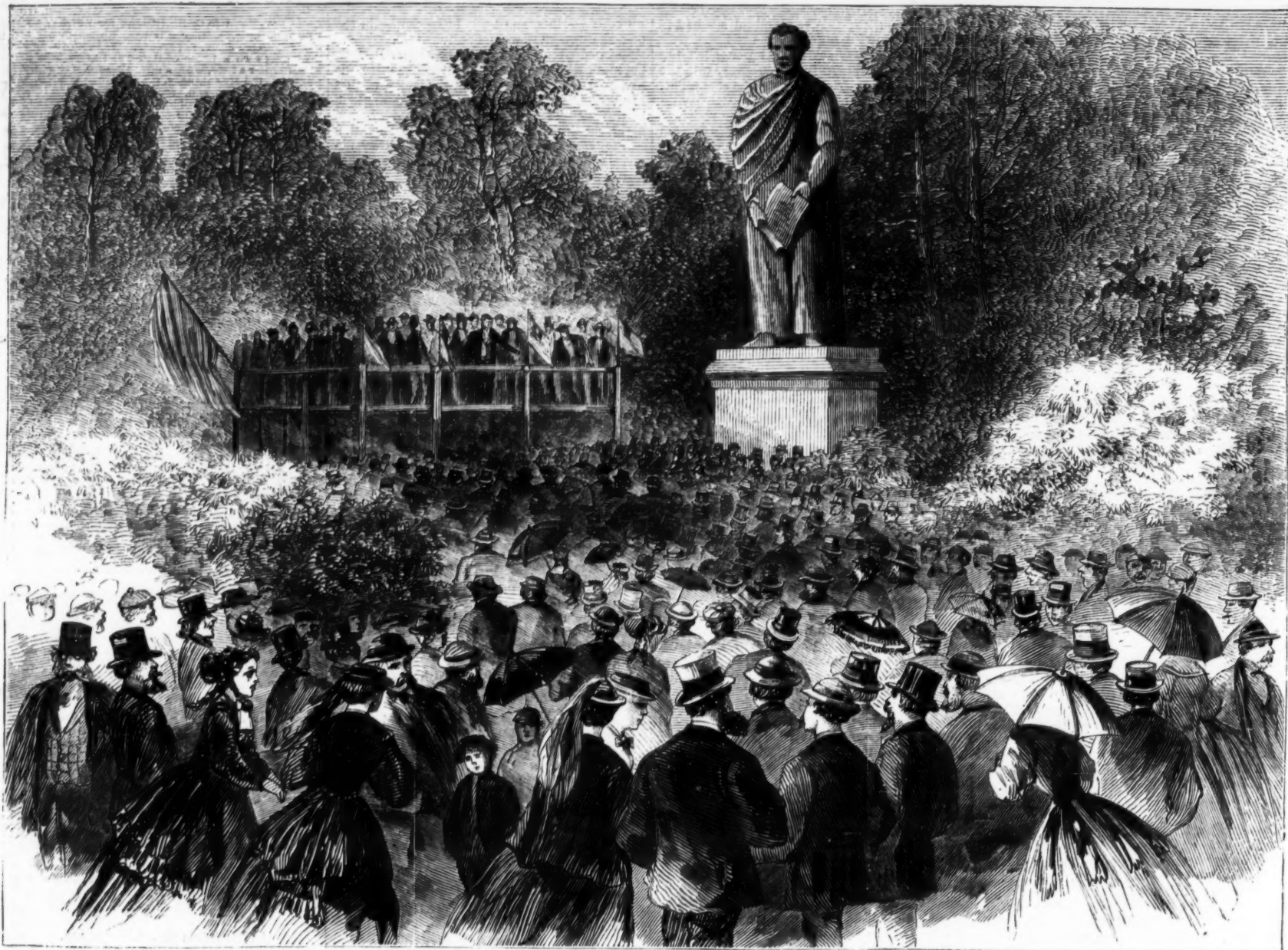
Letter from Dr. Livingstone.

A PRIVATE letter from Dr. Livingstone to a friend in Edinburgh furnishes news of the great traveler down to February last year. It recounts considerable hardships, but leaves Livingstone in good health and spirits, in the midst of forests so dense and leafy that one "cannot see fifty yards on either side," and "at 10 deg. 10 min. south latitude, and long. 31 deg. 50 min. 2 sec." The slave-dealing tribes have fled at his approach, and the prestige of the English name has actually been among the gravest inconveniences experienced by the explorer. His Johanna men left him through fear of the slave-traders' vengeance; he was prevented crossing a lake because the owners of the only boats on it dreaded he would burn them as slaves, and discreetly hid themselves; and he found whole districts denuded of food by tribes whose traffic in their friends and enemies is their sole means of subsistence. Hunger and the rainy season had delayed his progress; but the latter part of his letter is dated from Bombo, where he has just had a cow given him by the chief, upon which he is about to make "Christmas feast, as I promised the boys a low-out when we came to a place of plenty."

"We have had precious hard lines," writes the brave doctor, "but I would not complain if it had not been gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin." In parts where game abounded, Livingstone "had filled the pot with the first-rate rifle given me by Captain Fraser," but elsewhere the only food has been "a species of millet which passes the stomach almost unchanged." But his sorest grief was the loss of his medicine-chest, which, "with plates, dishes, clothes, and much of our powder," was stolen by two of the natives employed in carrying them, and whom it was found impossible to follow. This "fell upon my heart like a sentence of death by fever;" notwithstanding which he resolves cheerfully to trust to native remedies, and to hope the best. The letter concludes sanguinely, and mentions the slow rate of progress (eight miles a day), and the necessity of traveling zigzag as causes for delay. It is, however, cheering to note that the party has "not had a single difficulty with the people" they are with now; and that the gang of Arab slave-traders who promise to post Livingstone's letters at Zanzibar have obviously kept their word.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN CUBA.—Women's relations in Cuba are very peculiar; they are absolute slaves to custom. They must never walk alone—not even attend church without a duenna—and by no means receive male visitors alone. And then, too, poor things! they are rarely or never educated; and I think, during my whole stay on the island, I never saw a creole woman reading a book; yet, what with their fine eyes, graceful persons, small hands and feet, and a certain facility of small talk, they manage to interest and captivate the susceptible stranger. Their whole life is passed in listless idleness, varied occasionally by a ball, a stroll of an evening at the "Retreta," or, if able, an airing in the volante on the Paseo. They begin their day by going to early morning mass, after which they pass the time idling in rocking-chairs and fanning themselves, relieving the monotony, perhaps, by a "siesta," sucking an orange, or sipping a "refresco;" when, the afternoon having arrived, they are taken possession of by their maids, their magnificent heads of hair elaborately "coiffured," and donning their robes, they are ready to ride upon the Paseo, do a little shopping, or, when darkness arrives, receive their "cavaleros" in the presence of the family, or possibly, if it is "Retreta" night, go up to the Plaza to hear the music and summer round. Cleanliness, according to our ideas, is not with them a virtue; they seldom or never bathe, having a perfect horror of cold water, and an abhorrence of the constant bathing and scrubbing processes to which our women submit, their ablutions being confined to moistening their faces with the corner of a towel soaked in rum, after which is applied the universally used cosmetic, a powdered chalk made from egg-shells.

Ever is said to be the only woman who never threatened to go to live with her mother.



THE CEREMONY OF UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE LATE THOMAS H. BENTON, AT LAFAYETTE PARK, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, MAY 27TH, 1868.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. H. McNAMARA.

The Ceremony of Unveiling the Statue of the Late Thomas H. Benton, at Lafayette Park, St. Louis, Mo., May 27th.

THE ceremony of unveiling the bronze statue of Col. Thos. H. Benton, at Lafayette Park, St. Louis, Mo., took place on the 27th of May last. The very favorable condition of the weather, the high station to which the deceased statesman had attained, and the fact that it was the first time a monument had ever been erected to a public man in the West, combined to draw to the beautiful park an immense assemblage of citizens and strangers. The first step toward perpetuating the memory of the eminent deceased was taken by the General Assembly of Missouri, about eight years ago, when an appropriation of \$5,000 was made, with the condition that a similar sum should be raised by individual subscriptions, to secure a full-size bronze statue. To Miss Harriet Hoerner, an American artist, then residing at Rome, was awarded the task of fashioning the model, which was performed to the satisfaction of the relatives and friends of the deceased, and her plaster cast was forwarded to the royal foundry at Munich, Bavaria, where it was cast in bronze and prepared for shipment. The attitude chosen by Miss Hoerner was a favorite one with the statesman, and the features were preserved with wonderful accuracy. The statue was enveloped in a robe of muslin, tastefully bound with crimson cords, falling over the colossal form. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, daughter of the deceased, unveiled the statue amid the plaudits of the vast audience and the booming of cannon on an adjoining hill. The inaugural address was then delivered by General F. P. Blair, jr., who dwelt in glowing terms upon the eminent services rendered by the deceased both to the State and General Government, his great interest in the progress of his native State, and the development of her resources, and his many superior qualities as a friend and private citizen. The exercises were concluded with stirring music from the band in attendance, and the benediction.

Vinnie Ream's Studio—The Room in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., used as the Prison of C. A. Woolley.

ONE of the rooms in the Capitol, at Washington, D. C., is destined, it seems, to have a double notoriety; first as the studio of the sculptress, Miss Vinnie Ream, and then as the prison of C. A. Woolley, in custody for contempt of the National House of Representatives, in refusing to testify as required by the House Committee of Impeachment Managers. As a prison, with the contumacious Woolley in solitude and gloom within its walls, it would, we fear, offer few attractive attributes for a picture; we prefer to present it in its more cheerful aspect as a temple of art, with its presiding goddess in full possession, surrounded by her worshipers and by the paraphernalia and monuments of her vocation. It is to be regretted that Miss Vinnie should have been so summarily ousted by Act of Congress, for if the national edifice is to be appropriated to the accommodation of individuals, instead of being devoted to legislative purposes, better the studio than the dungeon, especially as, in its former capacity, the room seemed to be, as our artist has delineated, a favorite resort of distinguished law-makers, and probably assisted in cultivating in them a taste for the sublime and beautiful.

GHOST'S GARMENTS.

"I CALCULATE, from a slight but smart glance at your physical peculiarities, that you don't believe in ghosts, youngster?"

Now, besides being called "youngster"—a

thing very irritating when you can catch hold of your mustache without disfiguring your upper lip—there is something very irritating to an Englishman in being addressed thus summarily and personally by an entire stranger.

We, the only occupants of a first-class carriage

on the North Western Railway, had only just emerged from the first bridge, after leaving Euston Square Station.

I, with a dignity which would convince most people of my majority, drew myself up to my full height (and I sit high, though not at all on account of the shortness of my legs), and replied that I was glad that so short an acquaintance had been sufficient to assure him of my freedom from any such ridiculous superstition.

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a strong nasal twang, "so that's how the land lies, is it? Wa'al! Then I reckon that the sooner you begin to believe the better; and if you've got such a thing as a cigar about you, I'll commence your eddication at once."

"Thank you," said I. "Here is a cigar; but I prefer my present state of ignorance and incredulity."

"Very well rounded that for a youngster," retorted my tormentor. "Dr. Johnson didn't make his dictionary for nothin', I see; but still, as long as you don't believe in ghosts, your eddication ain't the thing quite neither."

By this time he had selected the biggest cigar from my case, had lighted it with a match, which he struck on his trousers, and had begun to smoke it, rolling it from one side of his mouth to the other, and regarding me with a cool impertinence which stifled me with indignation.

"Wa'al!" he continued, after a puff or two, "it's a rank Britisher, is this cigar; but it was the best you'd got, so I won't grumble. Now stick another in your own mouth, and then I'll begin your eddication."

I had intended to smoke, and I was not to be stopped by any false notion of dignity; so I did as he requested, and resigned myself to my fate. No sooner had I done so than he exclaimed:

"Now that's what I call comfort!" smacked his legs and his fingers, and evinced such a high state of uncouth hilarity that I began to be afraid I was locked up with a lunatic.

"Ha!" he cried, snapping his fingers, "I'll make your hair stand on end! I will, spite of all your pomatum and bandoline; and your legs won't hurt by a little stretching neither. Air you ready?"

Hoping, at least, to draw off his attention from my personal appearance by inducing him to begin a story at once, I nodded, and he commenced:

"Wa'al, I'm only a-thinkin' which of 'em it shall be. I've got one story as kills outright; but I want to cross to-night, and being found with a corpse might be inconvenient, so I'll let you off that. I've another as mostly brings on fits; but this carriage is narrow for fits. And I've another as completely takes away the breath, 'cept the story's told slow, which I ain't clever at. And I've another—well, you're a good-natured fellow, you air, and so I'll tell it you; it's only dangerous in heart-disease."



VINNIE REAM'S STUDIO, ROOM A., IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C., USED AS THE PRISON OF CHARLES A. WOOLLEY.

THE GRAND FIZZLE.

"My heart is perfectly sound," I said, in as steady a voice as I could assume.

"Wa'al, then! Here goes:"

"About two months ago, I was traveling by express from Dublin to Cork, meanin' to cross to my native land in a sudden burst of affection toward an old uncle o' mine, who I heard was about to leave this world for a better; and I was a-moralizing on the shortness of life, and consoling my-



RECEPTION OF THE NEWS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

self with reflections on the admirable arrangements of Providence, which don't allow rich uncles to take their lie-springs with 'em, when I had the most extraordinary adventure with a faymale ghost that I remember in all my experience.

"I was alone in the compartment with my luggage, which consisted of a male portmanteau, a faymale trunk, and a bandbox, as I had promised



STANTON—OUT YOUR "STICK."—C. SUMNER.

my old woman to bring her some finery from Paris.

"The bandbox was none of your pasteboard flimsies, but a true Parisian, made of shingle; so I wrapped it up in my traveling-rug. I put it under my head, and I went fast asleep.

"I'm a sound sleeper. Many a time have I gone to sleep when poggy-fishing, and slept all night, in spite of the bull-frogs a-leaping and



B. F. B. STRIVES TO PROMOTE AN EARLY BLOSSOMING OF THE APPLE.

croaking all over me, but I never had such a restless nap in my life as in that compartment.

"First of all, I had a tickling in my nose, as if a drunken centipede was a-trying to open his door with a toothpick. In the ensuing irritation, I lifted my head, when—whish! went my traveling-rug. Still I didn't rouse up definite, but snored on.

"Presently the irritation increased, and I lifted

my head again, when away went bandbox and all. I said to myself, 'Now they'll be satisfied, I hope,' for I knew it was ghosts fast enough, being used to 'em; and sure enough, whatever it was left me alone a while; I only heard a noise in my sleep like a mouse in the faymale trunk.

"Presently, however, I come aware of pinchin' going on in various portions of myself. I am averse to pinchin', natural and I twitched and twitched, determined to sleep it out.

"But the pinchin' increasin' from the desultory, to the vicious, I knew it wasn't any good, so I opened my eyes and sat up; and, bless my soul! if there wasn't a faymale figger of exceeding beauty dressed complete in my wife's garments! Parisian bonnet with yeller ribbons, bright green velvet jacket trimmed with red gimp, blue slippers and pink silk stockings, complete! And if I didn't stare, why, this cigar's tobacco, that's all!"

He paused a moment, and looked at me with a most evil expression of enjoyment; I let his impertinence pass without the smallest remark, and he continued:

"Wa'al, I wasn't skeered a fig, but looked at her fixed, took out a pipe (I smokes pipes usual), and asked her if she objected to my lightin' up?"

"Not a bit," she answered, quite pleasant, and she smiled, opening her lips, through which I saw the back of the carriage."

"The back of the carriage?"

"Yes. Ghosts is hollow and got no teeth, no bones, no hair, nothin' but flesh and skin, and only the very outside o' that—a sort of nothing, without innards.

"If she hadn't had my wife's bonnet on, her head, with the compartment light over it, would a-looked like the globe of a paraffine lamp afore it's lit; but when the mouth's shut you can't see through, it's only semi-transparent, like ground-glass, and if it hadn't been one of those new-fangled hats, like a captain's biscuit with strings, I could only a-seen the cushions at the back through a chance chink in the straw. As it was, I saw three buttons and puffs complete."

"Nonsense!" I said.

I was delighted when a question suggested itself, which I thought would prove a poser to the man:

"But," said I, "if ghosts are made of such slight material, how can you account for your friend's supporting the weight of the bonnet with 'yeller' ribbons, the velvet jacket with the gimp trimmings, and the rest of it?"

"Very clever for you, youngster. That was what had precisely puzzled me about ghosts for a long time, as it has puzzled most incredulous writers on the subject, old and new. Ghosts of clothes, they say, air ridiculous, and so I thought—though, being naturally of a religious temperament, I didn't say so; and if the clothes ain't ghostly they can't be real, 'cause the immaterial couldn't support a paper bonnet, let alone crinoline. Such was the state of my feelin's on the subject when this lady figger started 'em from their dormant apathy. Here's a chance of settling the question, says I to myself, as may never occur again. Here's a faymale ghost, as I knows a ghost, 'cause I've seen the buttons of the carriage through her bump of philoprogenitiveness, and she's wearin' clothes, as I know—all real and material clothes, because I've paid to the tune of five hundred dollars for 'em; and this here immaterial ghost is wearin' these material clothes as well as if she was made of Bessemer steel. Here's an opportunity, said I, of asking a question—"

"Now then, my friend," said I, "I am impatient to hear the answer."

For there was a want of alacrity in his tone, and a falling off in his spirit, and he had taken his cigar from his mouth, and was studying the ceiling; all of which, I thought, betokened that either his invention or his memory was failing him.

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FLICKERING OUT.

green, which is ghost for bluishin'; 'you wouldn't dare put the question to a live lady. But all of you on that side the dust seem to think a sperit hasn't any feelin's whatever. I've heard questions asked, when I've been forced to lay up a while in a table, as made me ashamed of ever havin' lived."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said I, feelin' very small lager indeed, 'but I meant no harm. P'raps I should a-said, how do you manage to bear the weight of 'em?"

"Why, do you think we haven't any strength?" she said. "Then how do you imagine we turn tables?"

"Trew," I answered, feelin' I had met my match for the first time in my life; 'but that didn't occur to me."

"Shake hands, if you doubt me," said she, holding out as pretty a little gloved hand as it ever was my fortune to see.

"Now, it's rather a ticklish crisis in a man's existence when a ghost asks him to shake hands, but I wasn't going to be afraid of a human soap-bubble, especially being a faymale. So I shook hands with her, and got such a grip as I never had except from Heenan."

"Now," she said, a-holding out the pretty hand again, 'give a poke at that with your finger.' 'I giv' a poke, and the glove tumbled all of a heap on the floor, as if I had knocked it off a peg; and there were five as pretty little bare white semi-transparent fingers as were ever manufactured out of opal glass."

"Wa'al, I was skeered a little at that, though I might a known how it would be if I'd reckoned; and I said, handing her the glove, which she put on all at once without unbuttonin'."

"Excuse my asking an impertinent question, but where on airth do you inflated nothings get your strength from?"

"Will," she answered, with another smile, 'will and sperit?"

"Oh, indeed!" said I. "And what might you mean by sperit?"

"Sperit," she replied, 'is a kinder gas, which blows us out to shape, like balloons."

"Oh, indeed," said I; 'you're blown out like balloons, air you?"

"Yes," she says, 'we air; and if you don't break our film, which you can't when we don't wish, we are as strong as you felt just now."

"Oh, indeed," said I, not understanding quite puspicious; 'and when I knocked that glove off just now did I break the film?"

"I rayther guess you did," she said; 'it's only just healed up."

"Then, madame," said I, thinkin' I'd caught her tripping, for these ghosts, most of 'em, lie like ever-lastin', 'if you're blown out like a balloon, how is it you didn't collapse right away? It wasn't will, was it?"

"No," she answered quite ready; 'I'd given that up; it's the nature of the sperit not to."

"How so?" said I, thinkin' it rather a faymale reason.

"Why," she said, 'sperit and air is like ile and water and won't mix; you can stir 'em as hard as you like, but they won't mix."



LORENZ! "THE EYES OF DELAWARE ARE ON YOU."

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EVERYTHING IS LOVELY AND THE "GOOSE" MARCHES HIGH.

"Oh, indeed," said I again, puzzlin' my head for another question. For mind you, youngster, whenever you meet with a ghost, ask him questions, and never leave off. They're compelled to answer them out of politeness, and I will say ghosts are pretty mannered as a rule. But once let 'em out of harness and they always run to their own stones, like a horse to his stable, and there's no stoppin' 'em; and of all bores, I guess

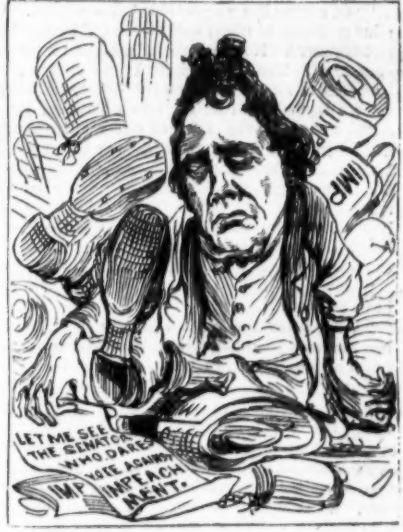


RECEPTION OF THE NEWS AT THE BLACK HOUSE.

a ghost's life tops 'em, they're all so long and dreffal melancholy.

"But she was politeness itself, was this young sperit."

"Seeing me a-puzzling what to say next, she asked me with unusual delicacy whether I had any more questions to ask her, and just at that moment one rushed into my head with such im-



AFTER THE BATTLE.

petuosity as knocked my pipe clean out of my mouth.

"Wa'al, as you ask me," I said, 'I have just one or two or so. You were speakin' of lying up in a table. What did you mean by that? Were you sick?"

"No," she said, 'that isn't the reason; we sperits are never sick. It was because I hadn't any clothes on. I was lying spread out most un-



THE LAST OPENING—"WILL THEY ENGAGE HIM?"

comfortable in the wood-work of this kerridge till you was asleep and I could dress myself."

"Why didn't you get into one of the cushions?" said I.

"There wasn't room," she answered; 'these cushions on this line are all loose, and I couldn't get into two without solution of continuity, which is dreadfully painful for a ghost, and very dangerous. Why, I remember a friend of mine who did that, and the passengers took one of the

cushions to play cards on, and then another, each giving up his seat in turns; and what with changing partners, and putting down the cushions the wrong way, and one thing and another, one-half of him didn't know where the other half had got to, and as they both began searching one for the other at the same time, they were near a week before they got together, and then he kicked himself three times in the eye before he found the join.

"Wa'al," said I, ready with another question this time, 'are all ghosts equally ill-provided with clothing?'

"All," she replied, 'except those that are buried in clothes, and they don't last long. Ghosts used to go about in their winding-sheets, but it won't do now. A young ghost soon learns that. I had mine torn to rags the first night, and had to get into my own tombstone—the greatest indignity a ghost has to suffer. And even then that have dresses haven't the right sort. A friend of mine was buried in her bridal dress; but she got so chafed about it, that she left it off after a week.'

"I suppose you can find clothes generally, can't you?" said I.

"Yes, if a ghost is not over particular and not lazy," she answered. "You see, we only want them at night, not being visible by day, even to one another; but it's very awkward sometimes when we are obliged to put on the clothes you livin' bein's have just taken off, for if you want them in the night we have to evacuate in a hurry, and creep into any refuge we can find; and that's the explanation of many of those stories of crochery falling down—not but what some ghosts like a bit of mischief sometimes, but they are the worst sort. Now, I remember—"

"Excuse me," said I, interrupting her, 'but what do you mean by lazy ghosts?'

"Them that don't care about going about decent," said she; 'they are the sort that mostly fills your furniture. They don't care, as long as they are safe in the leg of a table, and they have no sense of decency whatever; they crowd together anyhow, and never put on clothes from one year's end to another. They have greatly increased of late, having got a new pleasure in duping the living; but they are looked down upon by all respectable ghosts, and they go by the name of *casuals*.'

"You are a respectable ghost, I presume?" said I.

"Of course I'm respectable," she replied. "I allus go about at night well dressed, if I can; but alius dressed. Not but what I am put to straits occasional. The other night I was staying, on business, at an old castle on the Rhine, and there was no faymale wardrobe there whatever; but I found a chest up-stairs full of queer old dresses, and I had to fix myself up in them as best I could. I met the old baron as I was a-goin' down-stairs, and nearly frightened him into fits. I saw he sent an account of it to a paper, in which he swears he had a visit from his great-grandmother. How I laughed to be sure, for my business had nothin' to do with the old gentleman at all."

"Business?" says I, catching a clue. "Do you have business?"

"I saw I had made a mistake at once, as she began shaking her head from one side to the other like a pendulum turned the wrong way up."

"Ah," she said, 'I have; but our business is punishment. We have to go about all over the world, tracin' the history right away throw of all o's sins. Some of our sins die out at once, but some little things we never think twice of at the time of committin' go rolling on like snowballs forever. I've only got two left now. One of them is a lie I made a child of mine tell to get me out of a scrape with his father, which has already led to more than one suicide, and frauds without number; I don't know when that will die, but it's not active at the present moment. The other, on which I'm traveling now, is in consequence of the way I left my property. I left it to a distant relation, who was a spendthrift, and every penny he spent I had to watch the effects of; but it's pretty well worn out, as a great deal of it has passed into charities, which relieves me. Indeed the last evil done with the money was by the housekeeper of that baron on the Rhine. The son of the man the property was left to is now dying of gout, the produce of port-wine bought with part of his father's fortune. I must be in at his death, and then I think there'll be only seven and sixpence halfpenny left."

"Where are you off to now?" I asked her.

"To Americay," she answered.

"But what brings you here in this carriage? I thought you sports had a quicker way of transit."

"By day we fly through the air, being invisible, but at night; and the man whose death I am to be in at will die before morning. By night we are obliged to travel dressed, and so can only go by mortal conveyances."

"But how ever will you get to Americay in that time?"

"Ah, I forgot to mention it, but we can go by telegraph. I should have gone the whole way by telegraph, but the line between Dublin and Valentia is broke. Now, however, I guess I can go through. Just be good enough to turn your face aside one moment."

"I did so, and I heard a rustle of drapery. After waiting a minute, I looked—and darned if my wife's toga weren't lying all in a heap on the floor, and not a ghost of a ghost to be seen."

"I will say that for her, that, except the gloves were a bit stretched, the clothes weren't damaged a cent. Now, youngster, this is my station, and if you don't believe in ghosts by this time, it's my opinion you never will."

A YANKEE captain was once caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that situation, he replied:

"I thought he would make about forty barrels."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT torture can a toper best endure?
Being brandied.

A MAN who was noted for his intensely slovenly habits, on starting from home for a short journey, was reminded by his wife that she had packed six new, clean shirts in his trunk, and made to promise that he would put one on every week. On his return his lady overhauled his baggage, and was startled at the absence of the shirts which she had so carefully "done up" for her husband. Calling his attention to the discovery, she inquired what had become of the shirts:

"Shirts, eh? Oh, yes! You see, you told me to put one on every week; well, I've got the whole six on my back now."

AN Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him:

"An' how'll we know, Jimmy, when you're dead—you're after wakin' up every time?"

"Bring me a glass of grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jimmy,' an' if I don't rise up and drink, then bury me!"

"My dear," said an anxious matron to her daughter: "it is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at one another."

"Why so, mamma? I'm sure they don't hurt, even when they hit."

WHAT difference is there between a schoolboy and a postage-stamp?
One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

ONE of our exchanges, whose appearance we had missed for several weeks, recently came to hand, with the following apology for its delay:

"Our foreman has deserted our ranks, and so far we have been unable to apprehend him, but we promise that our paper shall not be tardy again, for we have apprehended our two sons, aged 11 and 15, to our composing-room, and have secured the services of a daughter of 14, whose first stick of matter appears in this number. We are hurrying along two other children of 6 and 9, and expect in a few months to have a full and efficient force. So don't be impatient."

"I DECLARE," said an old lady, reverting to the promises made her on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I never shall forget when Obadiah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'with my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole store was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterward that it only meant one calico gown a year."

WHEN is a tombstone like a tallow dip?
When it is set up for a late husband.

THE following toast was given at a printers' picnic in Georgia: "WOMEN—BULK of our infancy; GUIDE of our childhood; MEASURE of our youth; FAT TAKE of our manhood; STAR of our hope; PEARL of our middle age; she corrects the last stick, smooths the last sheet, and gives the last EMBRACE, ere we FIDGET to the skies." May heaven reward her; she is always in favor of a well conducted press.

A GENTLEMAN recently accosted an old companion with:

"Well, Thomas, I'm told you are married."

"It is true, Henry."

"What sort of a woman have you secured?"

"Well, you see, the truth is, she's no beauty, but she has a good pile of money in her own name, and—an all-fired pretty chambermaid."

I WILL bequeath," said an Irishman in his will, "to my beloved wife, all my property, without reserve, and to my eldest son, Patrick, one-half the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to my sister."

WHAT is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady?

One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs, and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano.

"I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

A CONFECTIIONER advertises broken hearts for thirty cents a pound.

A STALWART pedagogue was discovered cruelly belaboring a young lad with a heavy ferule, and the visitor entered him to desist and explain the object of his severe whipping.

"Well, I'm only teaching the young idea how to shoot."

"Oh! indeed. Some defect about the weapon?"

"Yes, I should think there was. He's obstinate, rusty and inclined to kick, and this is the only way to make him serviceable."

"Yes, yes, I see; beg pardon for my dullness. You teach the ideas how to shoot, on the breech-loading principle."

SOME time ago the authorities of New Brunswick offered a bounty of three dollars for the snout of every bear killed in that province. Of course there was great activity among the hunters to secure the reward, but it was soon found that the Indians brought in the largest number, and were amassing great wealth. A close examination of the nasal appendages revealed the fact that most of the trophies were imitations only, cunningly manufactured of India rubber and gutta percha, by clever manipulators in the State of Maine, who sold them to the Indians at half a dollar each.

AN aged negress whose eminent piety had secured for her an extensive reputation, in walking her usual round of visits, dropped in upon a neighbor who was equally well-known as a temperance man and a hater of tobacco.

After being courteously received, the negress pulled from her pocket a long pipe, and commenced smoking some very "union" tobacco, to the infinite disgust of her host. The man maintained his composure several minutes, but the fumes and smoke soon became too powerful for him, and rising from his chair, he said:

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, brudder, I specks I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible, aunty?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scripture which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I specks to leave my breff behind me when I go to Heaven."

AN enterprising undertaker in Illinois sent the following expressively cool note to a sick man:

"Dear sir, having positive proof that you are rapidly approaching death's gate, I have therefore thought it not imprudent to call your attention to the enclosed advertisement of my abundant stock of ready-made coffins, and de-ire to make the suggestion that you signify to your friends a wish for the purchase of your burial outfit at my establishment."

A LITTLE girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go a ball, and have her dress trimmed with "bugles," innocently inquired if the bugles would blow up while she danced.

"Oh, no," said the mother, "your father will do that when he discovers I have bought them."

A PLUCKY MOUSE.

ABOUT eighteen months ago, a drug clerk in Nashville captured a burly rattlesnake, about four feet long, and sporting eight rattles and a button. He brought it home a prisoner, prepared a handsome glass-case for its reception, and has since devoted his leisure to the study and care of the reptile, and three other varieties of snakes, which he from time to time secured and placed in the same case.

These snakes live in perfect harmony; the one with the rattle, being quite the largest, paid no attention to his companions, and they, to reciprocate, paid no attention to him. In relation to the former, the gentleman gives the following interesting particulars:

About two months after his capture, his snakeship changed his coat by shedding his skin. This he accomplished in short order. Being prepared, he commenced by chafing his head against the side of the case until the skin was disengaged, and then by a skillful series of convulsions, he came out with a new suit, glistening bright—the whole process occupying twenty to thirty minutes. During the present year he has shed three times, and it is presumed this is his regular habit.

His diet is light. For two months after capture he could not be induced to take anything on his stomach. For nine months he only ate one mouse, and nothing else, and was for about that length of time without eating anything at all. Within the last two months he has had a better appetite, and has swallowed thirty-six of these dainty little creatures. His method is to "strike" the mouse with his fangs, and after it is dead, take it in his mouth, and then down it goes in a very few moments. He drinks nothing stronger than water, and only takes this "thin beverage" about three times a year. Most of the time he is perfectly quiescent—sleeps a great deal—when restless, glides within the case, as if seeking to escape, but makes no violent demonstrations.

Later he had three companions, a chicken snake, a black, and spotted bush snake. The first of these took a mouse a few weeks ago, the others nothing. Some six or eight mice are kept constantly in the case, but for some weeks have been unmolested. A few days ago a fresh mouse was put in. He took a view of the situation, and resolved upon fight. He first "went for" the least of the surrounding "evils." Grasping the least serpent, he severed his head from his body in a few minutes, without injury to himself. He then, after a brief pause, attacked the next largest, cutting off the extremity of its tail. In this case he met with resistance, and was several times bitten, but persisted till he killed his enemy.

Going for the "chicken snake," he moved upon its centre—was several times stricken, but continued the contest with remarkable coolness and perseverance. When in very close quarters he would retreat and take breath. In the midst of this fight the rattlesnake became aroused and moved excitedly about in the case. The mouse, esteeming this an act of hostility, pounced upon his new foe with desperate courage, biting him about the head, along the sides and upon the back. He received fearful warning in the "rattling" of his snakeship, but received no wound from him. Quitting this one, he would turn to the other, and renew his persistent assault, and for twenty-four hours he thus continued the struggle.

The poison he had received then began to work; he sickened, retired to a corner of the case, and in a few hours expired. This is perhaps the most heroic passage to be found anywhere in the "Universal History of the Mouse." He was taken out and buried like Sir John Moore, "without a drum or funeral note," but amid the silent sorrow of admiring friends.

A BACKWOODSMAN was invited to dinner by a family of settlers just arrived, and after the usual courtesies had been considered, a dish of ice cream was placed before him. This was a positive novelty to him. He took up the plate, examined closely the glittering particles, and finally ventured to take a very delicate taste. As the cream passed his throat, he drew all the muscles of his face into a frightful position, gave a loud whistle, and turning to his host, said:

"Stranger, this may be all-fired good—indeed, it is very good pudding, but allow me to inform you that it is mightily frozen. No offense intended. I know, of course, you were unaware of its condition."

ONE of the best things to resist fatigue with is music. Girls who "could not walk a mile to save their lives," will dance in company with a knock-kneed clarinet and a supernannated fiddle, from a time till sunrise; while a soldier, grown weary with quietness, will no sooner hear a bugle give a flourish than he will lumber his legs; and then look out for your shins.

DERANGEMENT OF THE BOWELS.—Judicious use of Speer's "Standard Wine Bitters" in keeping the system in tone, and preventing Derangement of the Bowels, is almost beyond belief. Try them, and you will be convinced of the fact. For sale by Druggists.

THE new and elegant preparation of Cloverine so thoroughly surpasses the Benzine in cleansing and beautifying silk, velvets, laces, gloves, etc., that it has become a requisite to all ladies possessing a wardrobe of fashionable clothes. Unlike cleansing fluids in general, its odor is delightful.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

Holloway's Ointment.—Mothers, are your children suffering from Ringworm or Scald Head? Apply this great remedy at once, and remove a sight so disagreeable to the family.

S. T.--1860.--X.

MRS. PARTINGTON INSULTED.—The White Mountains of New Hampshire are evidently a great institution—very high, heavy frosts, beautiful view, four dollar dinners. But the practical eye of a certain renowned Drake saw those smooth-faced rocks, and thereupon adorned and variegated the bridge-path to the Tip-Top House with his familiar S. T.--1860.--X. PLANTATION BITTERS. This raised the ire of the Mrs. Partingtons composing the Legislature of the Granite State, who got their wise heads together, outlawed Dr. Drake, and made it a penal offense to ply the artistic brush on their beloved hills. Verily the fine arts are at a discount in New Hampshire. Query—Did Drake pay them for this splendid advertisement?

MAGNOLIA WATER—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

THE ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold everywhere.

New Publications.

PUBLISHED by E. STEIGER, New York,
The Workshop,
A Monthly Journal, devoted to Progress of the Useful Arts. With Illustrations and Patterns covering the wide range of Art applied to Architecture, Decoration, Manufactures, and the Trades generally.
Also, the German Edition of this Journal.
Price \$5.40 a year; single numbers, 50 cents.
One single available Design or Pattern may be worth far more than a full year's subscription.
Specimen-numbers and Prospectuses gratis.
Agents and Canvasers wanted. Terms favorable.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

FOR THE BEST CAMPAIGN MEDALS, Pins, and Badges of GRANT AND COLFAX, send to the oldest and most respectable manufacturers, who have made this business a specialty for the past nineteen years. We have now ready a great variety of all styles. Prices from \$3 to \$10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price. One Sample, 25c.; Three Samples, 50c., with Price List. We request our Correspondents to be brief, as we are always very busy during the Campaign. We make suitable reductions on all large orders for Dealers and Clubs.
All moneys sent by Post Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all moneys sent to us. Address
RICHARDS & MARKT,
55 Murray St., N. Y.
P. O. Box 3,131.

THE ORIGINAL ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE.

From the New York Tribune, of May 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. NILES, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries, we respond as follows: That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States Assessor, \$104,711 (one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7,950—in sums varying from \$1 to \$200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1,497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheet, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 20 cents per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
35 Dozen Worned Breakfast Shawls, retail price \$2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gent's Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1,192 Wool Square Shawls.
1,404 Pieces Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver Plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1,476 Silver Plated Castors.
1,492 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfill our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1,000 dozen of Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for \$15 a dozen; and when sold at retail, have been sold in Boston and New York at \$2 each. By taking so large a quantity, we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at \$1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestic our House absorbs the entire production of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 & 106 Sudbury st., Boston, Mass.
We will send circulars to any address.

SHAW'S CHEMICAL, ELECTRO, SILVER-PLATING FLUID makes worn-out plated-ware as good as new. Samples sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents to pay for packing and postage. Address J. SHAW, Chemist, 30 Elm St., Bridgeport, Conn. Agents wanted everywhere.

Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of April 4, 1868,

No. 4481.....	drew.....	\$150,000
No. 13854.....	".....	50,000
No. 4492.....	".....	25,000
No. 10169.....	".....	25,000
No. 370.....	".....	10,000
No. 10132.....	".....	10,000

Being the six capital prizes.

Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall st., N. Y.

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, ARTISTIC SURGEON, respectfully notifies his patients and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 BROADWAY.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure and comfortable radical cures for Hernia or Rupture, in its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease. DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the Marado Grande, Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps.

A NIP OF A MOSQUITO.

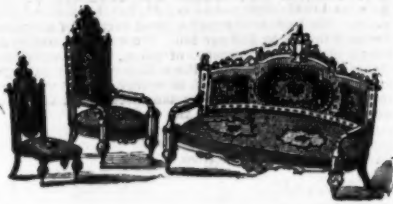
WICKED BORES! LITTLE CON-temptible torment! I wish I could crush the race at a blow, including the grandfather. I have one consolation, for WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT stops the itching smart in one minute, and cures the carbuncles that rise up every time I am bitten. I know it, for I have tried it a hundred times. I keep a bottle in my pocket—so armed and ready—and evaporate out the burning poison when I get a bite. It will cure the bite of a bed-bug, too, and any one who says it won't tell a whooping lie.

PRIVATE MEDICAL BOOKS—A NEW "SPECIAL LIST," with 70 of the best works, sent on receipt of two red stamps, by FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS—15 CENTS a Package. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,



Still continue to keep the largest stock of Parlor, Dining and Bedroom Furniture, of any house in the United States, which they offer to the Wholesale and Retail trade at a discount of twenty per cent. from old prices.

Also,

BEDDING AND SPRING BEDS,

A GREAT VARIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

Great American Tea Company

RECEIVE THEIR

TEAS BY THE CARGO

FROM THE

Best Tea Districts of China and Japan.

AND SELL THEM IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT CUSTOMERS

AT CARGO PRICES.

THE COMPANY HAVE SELECTED the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black) 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), \$1.25, best \$1.50 per lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound.
Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED, (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. GREEN, (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c. per lb.

Parties sending club or other orders for less than \$30, had better send a Post Office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by Express, but larger orders we will forward by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for Clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders (as below, no more, no less).

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 & 33 VESEY STREET.

Post Office Box, 5,643, New York City.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to our selves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well-finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equalled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price \$15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing \$150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from \$2 to \$6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

TO CLUBS—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one EXTRA WATCH, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

THE NEW RUFFLING, PUFFING, and Gathering Attachment to Sewing Machines, will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$1.50. The kind of machine must be stated. Agents Wanted. Address PHILADA. RUFFLER CO., 114 North Ninth st., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL BY sample a combined SQUARE, LEVEL and BEVEL. Great inducements offered. County Rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars address W. S. BATCHELDER & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELEGANT GRANT MEDALLIONS, Genuine Photographs, Wholesale to Agents and Dealers. Samples and Circulars by mail, 20 cents, and Red Stamp. S. S. BARRIE & CO., Manufacturers of Campaign Medals, 255 Pearl street, New York.

STARTLING TRUTHS.

WRITE THE MONTH YOU WERE born in, with color of Eyes, Hair and Complexion, enclosing 50 Cents and Stamp, and you will receive by return mail a beautiful picture of your future husband or wife, with a chart of your coming life. Address KITTIE CLYDE, Box "P," Brooklyn, New York.

Every Man His Own Printer.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, etc., mailed free on application. Specimens of sets of types, cuts, borders, etc., etc., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Agent, Adams Press Co., 28 Courtlandt street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT. \$15 to \$30 a day guaranteed. Male or Female Agents wanted in every town—descriptive circulars free. Address JAMES C. HAND & CO., Blidford, Me.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular. B. W. RICE & CO., 89 Nassau street, N. Y.

Startling Invention.

**LOCKE'S PATENT
SELF LIGHTING
GAS BURNER**

No Electricity. No Friction. No Matches. TURN THE KEY AND THE GAS IS LIGHTED.

Applied to any Gas-Fixture without alteration. Samples sent free on receipt of \$1. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal Discount to the Trade.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

All communications addressed to RICHARD B. LOCKE, Secretary, SELF-LIGHTING GAS-BURNER CO., 451 Broome St., N. Y.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a caution to young men and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, &c., supplying the means of SELF-CURE. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y. Also free, by the same publisher, a Circular of DAISY SWAIN, the great Poem of the War.

Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

ENDORSED BY THE FASHIONABLE World. This is the most elegant preparation for the skin ever invented, and has excited the cupidity of unprincipled adventurers, who are palming off upon the public various imitations under different names. Beware of such, and particularly beware of Lotions for the skin containing Mineral Astringents, utterly ruinous to the complexion, and by their repellant action, injurious to health. The chief of these are concocted by the counterfeiter of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. The original ORIENTAL CREAM is prepared and sold by DR. FELIX GOURAUD (Inventor of the world-renowned ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP), 483 Broadway, N. Y., \$1.50 per bottle. Can be had in BOSTON of J. L. BATES, 129 Washington st.; in PHILADELPHIA of T. W. EVANS, 41 South 8th st., Wholesale and Retail.

CAUTION.—See that the words "GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, New York," are blown on every bottle, and his fac simile, T. FELIX GOURAUD, at the end of every label.



GRANT & COLFAX. AGENTS WANTED.—For the best LIFE OF GRANT by Hon. J. T. Headley. Now ready, \$2.50. An authentic LIFE OF COLFAX, with a splendid Portrait, in press. Price 25 cts., which we give to our subscribers to the Life of Grant. TREAT & CO., Publishers, 654 Broadway, N. Y.

The D—L—

THE MYSTERY OF ONE'S WHOLE life—the past, present and future, disclosed. Questions answered about friends, absent or estranged, lovers, husbands, sickness, lost or stolen property, etc. Life shadows of future wife or husband. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with 30 cents, E. THORNTON, Box 601, Brooklyn, New York.

Magic Pocket Fans—for Ladies and Gentlemen's use—50 cents each. MAGIC PHOTO-GRAPHS, 25 cents a package. W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York City.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROEBACH, No. 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

NEW YORK'S INNER LIFE UNVAILED!

FRANK LESLIE'S

CHIMNEY CORNER.

FRANK LESLIE has the gratification of announcing to the public, that in accordance with his determination to make THE CHIMNEY CORNER the most Attractive and Popular Illustrated Family Paper in the world, he has arranged for the exclusive publication, by the payment of a LARGER SUM THAN WAS EVER BEFORE PAID TO AN AMERICAN WRITER, of A NEW AND THRILLING STORY OF NEW YORK, entitled,

Out of the Streets!

from the pen of the distinguished American Writer and Dramatist,

CHARLES CAYLER.

No Novel ever published in this country has exceeded this great Sensational Production in its Profound and Stirring Interest, its Startling yet Truthful Incidents, its vivid and Powerful Descriptions, or in its Graphic and Fascinating Style.

In this Remarkable Narrative, which is FOUNDED UPON ACTUAL EVENTS, and in which most of the Characters are drawn from Life, MR. CAYLER displays all those peculiar qualities and that earnestness of purpose—that thorough acquaintance with all the Phases of City Life—that intimate knowledge of all the subtleties of Human Nature, and penetration into the various Impulses, Passions and Motives which govern the Human Heart—and that strong power in the elaborate development of Character, which have made his Writings and Dramatic Works so universally popular. In

Out of the Streets

he takes us into every walk of life, and exhibits Society in all its Lights and Shades; the Volaries of Fashion; the Homes of the Poor; the Palace and the Prison; the Belles of Society and the Bankers of Wall street; the Millionaire and the Beggar; Vice and Virtue; the Man of Probity and the Bank Defaulter; the beautiful, virtuous, trusting, patient, suffering woman, resisting Temptation in its most dazzling form, and the wicked, designing, crafty Adventuress, tracking her victim to Ruin and Despair, all pass before us in this Truthful Panorama of Life!

Out of the Streets

will make the greatest sensation ever created in American Literature, and should be read at every Fireside in the Land! Its publication was commenced in No. 15A of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. It will be profusely illustrated, and, in addition, a Beautiful Picture will be GIVEN AWAY with the Number containing the First Chapters of the Story!

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557 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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Manufacturers of the celebrated Silver-Tongue Organs. They have had an experience of over twenty years. They make the LARGEST. They make the SMALLEST. They make the BEST. CHURCH, SCHOOL, PARLOR, LIBRARY, CONCERT, LODGE, BUDOIR, CHURCH, LIBRARY, CHURCH, CONCERT, LODGE.

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PRICE 15 CENTS A NUMBER, OR \$1.50 A YEAR.

A Beautifully Illustrated Journal for the Family Circle, Railroad Travelers, etc.

This publication, composed of Original Stories by well-known writers, interspersed with interesting Narratives of Travel and Adventure in all parts of the world; Recent Discoveries in Science; Curious Facts in Natural History; Anecdotes, and a great variety of Entertaining and instructive Miscellaneous Reading, will constitute a new feature in periodical literature. Besides the numerous illustrations in the text, each number will contain Two Large and Beautiful Engravings on Tinted Paper.

As this work is stereotyped, all the back numbers can be had at any time.

In the February No. was commenced an exciting continued story,

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All subscriptions to be sent to FRANK LESLIE, 557 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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Lady's Magazine—Four copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$14, with extra copy to person getting up club.
Illustrirte Zeitung—One copy one year, \$4. Five copies, \$15.
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On each copy of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, four cents; on each copy of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA, CHIMNEY CORNER, ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG, BUDGET OF FUN, and PLEASANT HOURS, two cents; and if prepaid quarterly in advance at the subscriber's post-office, on the LADY'S MAGAZINE, six cents per quarter; on the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA, and ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG, five cents per quarter; on the BUDGET OF FUN, BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and PLEASANT HOURS, three cents per quarter.

POSTAGE TO CANADA.

The same rates as above; but as the postage on Canadian subscriptions must be prepaid in New York, Canadian subscribers will, therefore, in all cases, add the amount of postage to the amount of subscription.

Our publications are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In sending subscriptions, or corresponding, be careful to send Name and Address in full.

Letters and printed matter should be addressed to

FRANK LESLIE,
Box 4191, P. O., New York.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

PINS, MEDALS, AND BADGES. GET your Campaign Pins of the oldest and most respectable manufacturers who have made a specialty of the goods for the last nineteen years. Ten styles now ready. One sample 25 cents, three samples 50 cents, sent postpaid on receipt of price, with printed list. **RICHARDS & MARKET, 55 Murray street, New York. Box 5,131.**

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

MAGNIFYING 500 TIMES, MAILED to any address for 50 cts. Three of different powers for \$1. Address **F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.**

A New Discovery.

THE MOST PROFOUND AND SECRET communications may now be sent either by **LETTER** or **TELEGRAPH**, without the possibility of their being read by any one except the person to whom they are addressed. **POWELL'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM OF KEY-WRITING** accomplishes this end, and can be learned in five minutes by any one who can read or write. On receipt of \$1 I will send two Self-Teaching Charts; or for \$5, Fifteen Charts to one address, postpaid. Competent Agents, either ladies or gentlemen, wanted in every city, town, and county in the United States and Canada. Send stamp for circular. Apply to or address **G. D. FOWLER & CO., 37 Park Row, Room 22, New York.**

Speer's "Standard Wine Bitters."

THE UNDENIABLE FACT THAT these Bitters are composed in the main of Speer's Pure Wine analyzed, and recommended to Invalids and the Medical Profession, by the best Chemists in the United States, cannot fail in inspiring confidence in the public, in the use of the "Wine Bitters." Sold by all Druggists.

EAGLE GAS STOVES.

Call or send for Descriptive Catalogue,
661 Broadway, New York.

CHICKERING'S, WATERS', BRADBURY'S, LIN- demann & Son's, and other first-class new Pianos for rent, and rent applied on purchase. For sale on monthly installments, or at low prices for cash, at **WATERS & CO.'S, 481 Broadway.**

FLORENCE**Lock Stitch Reversible Feed SEWING MACHINES**

Were awarded the highest Prize, to wit,
THE FIRST SILVER MEDAL
AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.
The best Family Sewing Machine in the world. Send for an Illustrated Circular.
605 Broadway, New York.

PRINCE & COS. AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

Pollak & Son, Manufacture of Meerschaum Goods. Stores: 483 Broadway, and 27 John St., middle of block. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Box 5,945.

AGENTS WANTED.

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